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Children in Heaven, by Robert Nathan, on page 396

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Who Live Inside the Dream

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty beltit knichts cam' skippin' over the hill,
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', a-rovin' in the nicht,
Let the heart be e'er sae lovin', or the moon shine ne'er sae bricht.

—JAMES V OF SCOTLAND.

WHEN one's mind is more constantly loud with a dream and one's stature is less and one's years are fewer it is the bookshelves that are as a rack of trumpets to call forth the belted knights. And so far as the male young are concerned it is the tale of high deeds that they turn to. We do not mean literally the deeds of knights in armor, though Howard Pyle's delightful books are still popular in juvenile libraries, and we suppose that even modern youth reads such stirring narrative as his medieval "Men and Iron." But for the youth of the day there are modern exploits, particularly now in the broad heavens, to satisfy his desire to see himself as hero of the notable feat of strength, skill, and bravery. Girls, ordinarily, like stories of interesting families in the home, full of episode. They see themselves as heroines of domestic crisis. And "they all want to play Hamlet," as Carl Sandburg has said so sagely. That is when the melancholy fit doth fall.

Many younger children prefer the outlandish, not something that could happen or could have happened, but something perfectly fantastic that ought to happen. After all, their experience of the world is as yet so slight that anything may be just around the corner. *They* can't tell. So much for subject-matter.

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But do children appreciate a good style in writing? Sometimes we have thought that it is the children, who have never pondered on theories of style, that have the surest instinct concerning it. If you can write really well for children, you are possessed of a good style. The embroidery of your statement does not obscure its clarity, your figures of speech strike home, you present scenes vividly to the inner eye "that is the bliss of solitude," your characters are convincing characters, their speech is credible,—yes, even when you deal in nonsense.

Over and above this you are not intruding yourself clumsily into the narrative; for you must be telling a story so that they forget you are telling a story. They must be able to lose themselves in the world you create for them. True, when we grow older we sometimes look back upon youthful enthralments with a changed vision. "I liked it when I was young. I couldn't read it to-day." But have we ever stopped to consider that our own natural receptivity may have been impaired?

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This we feel fairly sure of: a children's book written well will always be enjoyed more truly than a children's book written cheaply, flashily, "for the market," though that may win many temporary suffrages from the young. That children often, surprisingly, like stories far more simple than one should have thought their age would warrant is no disproof of this. Some of the simplest stories are the best, they are rooted most deeply in that accumulated racial sagacity that has through the ages expressed itself more or less in allegory. The best of the famous fairy stories in all languages are of this kind. They reveal the bases of human nature. The people in them represent certain fundamental

(*Continued on next page*)

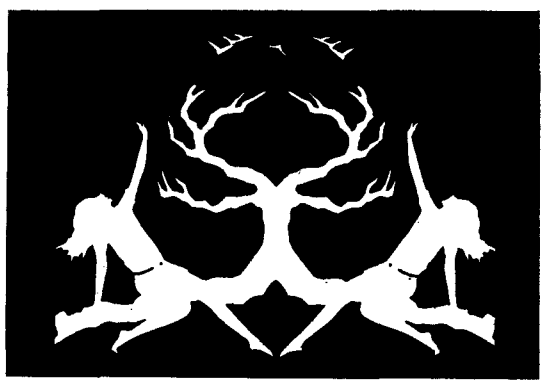
Two Rhymes

By WALTER DE LA MARE

I. THE WIND

THE wind—Oh I hear it—goes wandering by,
Willow and beech stir the branches and sigh;
Each leaf to its sisters lisps softly, and then,
The air being stilled, they are silent again.

Forlorn neath the stars stands a thorn on the height,
The snow of his flowers perfuming the night;
But so sharp are his spines, so gnarled his old bole,
When the wind calls to him, he just whistles, poor soul.



II. TWINKUM

TWINKUM, twirlum, twistum, twy,
How many rooks go floating by,
Caw, caw, in the deep blue sky?

Twinkum, twirlum, twistum, twee,
I can listen though I can't see,
Seven sooty-black rooks there be.

Twinkum, twirlum, twistum, twoh,
Who can say what he don't know?
Blindman's in, and round we go!

This Week

Cover Illustrations.
By ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY.

Silhouettes. In verses by De la Mare and McCord.
By KATHERINE THOMPSON.

A Symposium on Juvenile Reading.

Writing for Children

By ROSE FYLEMAN

"IT'S a great mistake to 'write down' to children." That is what everyone says when discussing the subject of writing for the young.

If by "writing down," you simply mean writing less well than for adults the thing is of course quite obviously true. Only the best of its kind in any direction is good enough to give to the child. But I don't think that is exactly what is meant. There is a certain half-patronizing, half-ingratiating tone which people employ when talking to children which they very much resent and dislike. It is what one might describe as the well-my-little-man-and-how-are-you-enjoying yourself manner. It is a manner which a good many people in England still employ when addressing what are horribly known as "the lower classes." The person speaking is not speaking as himself, in his own individual and proper person, but as one kind of human being (a superior one, be it noted) to another kind. And that is the manner employed by some people when writing for children.

There was a time when it was the inevitable manner. When, in addition, one got a moral atmosphere so insistent that it pervaded every effort in this sort as persistently as salt pervades the sea-water, one wonders how any child can ever have been persuaded to read the stuff.

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But some children, as a friend remarked to me the other day, will read anything. I certainly remember devouring, when I was a little girl, a certain publication which used to come into the house occasionally in the form of an advertisement for some popular nostrum of the time. It was a curious hotch-potch of medical and general information, and I loved it. But there may have been a touch of morbidity about the business; children are oddly inquisitive about and interested in disease and deformity, though very often in a strangely detached and rather callous way.

But, to return to this particular manner of which I was speaking. The condescending method, quite apart from the moral touch, has now fortunately declined from favor, and indeed it has nothing to recommend it. Children, as I said before, detest it. Are we then to write for children exactly as we do for grown-ups? And if so, why should we make any distinction at all between books intended for the young and books intended for the adult?

The necessary distinction, it seems to me, is hardly one so much of manner as, excepting in the case of the very little ones, of matter. Children are not interested in a great number of things in which grown-up people are interested. They do not want to hear about the problems of sex, about social and economic complications, about the reactions of men and women to the circumstances of life and to the characteristics and temperament of other men and women.

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Literature for children must be concerned primarily with actions, secondarily with fantasies, or images which are within the range of a child's imagination, though not necessarily of its actual experience. For the imagination even of a child has its limitations. Speculative metaphysics, for example, do not interest him. He likes to read about things that happen, whether it be to real or imagi-

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nary heroes, to animals, to human children like himself, or to fairies and goblins. And he likes these things that happen to have that atmosphere of plausibility, of harmony with their particular environment which is of the essence of good story-telling at all times and in all circumstances. It is then a choice of content rather than of manner that is of importance. But the manner, as in all good writing, will be conditioned by the matter.

It is, I am quite certain, a great mistake to pause and consider as to whether a certain word or phrase will be understood by a child. Children, it must be remembered, learn the use of words by hearing them used. Books are their dictionaries, as it were—books, and, of course, the speech of their elders. Occasionally they make a mistake, and a word will take on a false meaning the memory of which may go about with them for years—for life even. I think all of us have a few words of that kind on the shelves of our minds, just as we all have a few words which we have unconsciously mispronounced for a long time. We learn ultimately to know their proper meaning or pronunciation but the old atmosphere still clings about them.

It doesn't matter at all. One has a sort of affection for these double-colored words. Don't you know how people will tell you, "Do you know, I always used to think that that word meant so-and-so?" They treasure the memory as one treasures an old brooch which has lost a pin, an old button which has lost its shank. They are of no use now but they are pretty and interesting. They once meant something.

Our manner, then, is not to be consciously suited to the requirements of a child, and that is, I think, confirmed by the fact that many of the best-loved children's books are equally well-liked by adults, and many of the best grown-up books by children.

"Robinson Crusoe" was not, I think, written for children; neither were the old fairy tales, certainly not the "Arabian Nights" or "Gulliver's Travels." Many grown-up people adore "Alice in Wonderland," the works of A. A. Milne, and "The Wind in the Willows," to mention only a few examples. One might indeed continue to enumerate almost indefinitely books of this type.

* * *

I have so far been writing with the thought of prose in my mind rather than that of verse, though some of the same rules (though this is an insufficiently elastic word) apply here also. Poetry intended to please children must be concerned with the things that interest and appeal to children, and again the style must be suited to the subject. Occasionally one comes across a child who develops very young a taste for the more subtle beauties of rhythm and phrase, but this is rare, and I imagine that there would be very few children who would respond ardently to, let us say, Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn."

As a matter of fact the child does ask, just as the grown-up does, something of poetry which differs from that which he asks of prose. In a poem he demands primarily rhythm, and rhythm of a not too complicated and subtle kind. Our very babes learn to lisp in numbers and will repeat scraps of nursery rhymes almost before they can talk. But mere jingles are not good enough to give to our children, even though they please their ear.

There are people who seem to think that to be capable of shaping any banality into a rhyming pattern is to be a poet. Any person of normal education can turn out stuff of this sort by the yard, but the intelligent ones do not attach any value to this faculty any more than they imagine that because they can make a drawing which everyone recognizes as being intended to represent a human being they are therefore justified in calling themselves artists and offering such drawings to the public as artistic creations.

Certain qualities go to the making of a good poem, and these qualities must be evident in a poem intended for a child no less than in one intended for an adult, for we agreed from the very beginning, I think, that what we give to the child must be of the best quality available.

> The Cat
> Sat on a mat
> It caught a rat
> And that was that.

This is a metrical rhyme, but it obviously isn't a poem.

There is no music in it, no felicity of expression, no happy touch of quaint whimsicality—in fact it possesses none of the attributes of true poetry excepting in so far as it has rhyme and rhythm of the very crudest and most elementary sort. But it would appear that there are still people (otherwise how does it get printed?) who think stuff of that kind is suitable poetry for children. But I imagine there is less and less market for wares of this quality.

Nowadays one constantly comes across charming, delicate, quaint, delightful verse in children's books which has evidently been written by people with craftsmanship as well as imagination. And the jolly thing is that children do respond to these qualities, most of them instantaneously, all of them very rapidly under guidance. They have their individual preferences, of course. The child who declaims Macaulay's Lays with gusto will possibly be less attracted by Walter de la Mare's "Little Green Orchard," but one finds that few of them have much patience with weak mush when they have once become acquainted with really good stuff.

It is the job of parents and teachers to see that children have opportunities of reading and hearing the best matter available. The actual choice among that matter can be left to the child itself. I don't know that our task as writers is really such a responsible one as that of the educators. If we want to be read and to be loved we have to write readable and lovable matter. If we don't we shall soon find ourselves left where we deserve in that case to be—on the shelf.

Who Live Inside the Dream

(*Continued from preceding page*)

traits, and the issue is not obscured by psychological complexities.

Our mature reading goes "nae mair a-rovin', a-rovin' in the nicht," worse luck; though there are all the great compensations of learning more and more about actual life around us through the books of our time. But then, that isn't altogether true, either. How often the average reader turns away to romance pure and simple. Intelligence tests set the actual mental age of the average adult, after all, at a pretty low figure. Most of us retain the desire to hear the horn blow and to see the belted knights come skipping forth. This is our common denominator, though you may pride yourself upon being as intellectual as you choose.

But books for children should be approached by the writer as as responsible a task—or amusement—as books for adults. When we see trashy "juveniles" heaping the book-counters we should feel it as much an affront to the adult world as it is to the child. You cannot write too *well* for children, though you may write beyond their understanding. You can write of their world as it is, if you write clearly. By the same token you cannot write too *well* for the adult, for if you are a great writer to the average intelligent person you will be clear. It is true that you may bore a child, however well you write, by presenting experiences that are beyond him in a terminology that is beyond him. That is the only handicap a good writer who writes for children will encounter. He should then be writing for the children of a larger growth; and even there he may encounter it. He may then be writing for the grown-up children of the future.

Strange words, however, do not much impede a child's progress through a work of fiction that has the power really to hold the attention. Plenty of adults have confessed to us that they profoundly enjoyed certain more-or-less adult novels in childhood though certain words therein were fascinating mysteries. Even such a simple word as "misled" was, we know, to one adult, always interpreted as "missiled"; which merely made things far more interesting and extraordinary.

The patronizing attitude toward books for children is a mistake. Some of the best writing in the world has gone into books for children, some of the most beautiful flights of imagination, some of the shrewdest aphorisms. And the child mind properly stimulated develops far more quickly than one readily realizes. Let our children's books therefore lend it the fibre and flexibility it so readily assimilates. Literarily and pictorially we should adopt the attitude that the best is none too good for it.

Memoirs of a Lady of Quality

HITTY: Her First Hundred Years. By RACHEL FIELD. Illustrated by DOROTHY LATHROP. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

WHEN three such persons as Rachel Field, Dorothy Lathrop, and a genuine hundred year old American doll put their heads together the quite unusual must result. Few books have excited such curiosity as the memoirs of Hitty during their making, and still fewer perhaps have so amply justified all expectations.

I have always contended that the ideal children's book should approach in form as nearly as possible the adult novel. "Hitty" comes close to accomplishing this, and I personally found it far more arresting than the greater number of recent novels I have read. Hitty is a person of much character and originality, and to the reconstruction of her life history, from the Preble homestead in Maine over a hundred years ago to her honored old age in the Eighth Street antique shop, Miss Field had brought not only the invention, dramatic instinct, and happy use of the unexpected which color all her writing but also an amazing knowledge of certain phases of early American life—as in the description of the whaling voyage—and a feeling for the past which gives extraordinary vitality to her pictures. Children reading "Hitty" will have a clear and very intimate impression of a little girl's life in early New England, of sea-faring in the old days, of the Philadelphia Quaker household, of New York in the gay 'seventies, and of the quiet, shuttered existence of the two little gentlewomen in the old New Orleans house.

To read this book is like looking back not only on one's own childhood, but on a long perspective of other childhoods, each picture sharp and clear-cut, like something experienced rather than imagined. Phoebe Preble, the smug meanness of poor Little Thankful, wistful Clarissa, and gay daring Isabel, all stand before us vividly. They are living children. Each glimpse is admirable. And one of the best scenes in the book is when Sally, that strange, passionate child, who deliberately steals Hitty from the glass case in the Cotton Exposition and secretes her for many weeks, suddenly experiences religion at a negro camp-meeting and, overtaken by judgment in the shape of a thunderstorm, sacrifices her in terrified repentance to the black waters of the Mississippi.

> "Oh, God," she wailed, "don't let the lightning strike me dead and all of a heap, don't, please . . . I tell you I'll give Hitty back. I won't keep her another minute, Lord—look, here she is! You can have her, only just let me get back to Pa and the *Morning-Glory!*"
>
> She was sobbing hysterically now. I could hear her even above the storm. Now she was running pell-mell down the bank toward the river. I knew only too well what she meant to do with me.

It is rare to find writing like this between the covers of a children's book.

There is humor, tenderness, and a gentle irony in this portrait of the little doll who goes through fire and flood, suffers shipwreck, captivity, and man's ingratitude, whose very existence is at the mercy of those human friends with whose lives, in turn, her own is so closely associated, and who in the end is doomed to outlast them all. "She must be dead a good many years now, even if she lived to be an old lady," remarks Hitty, not without complacency, of little Phoebe Preble.

For like all imaginative writers who find freedom under the covering phrase, "a children's story," Rachel Field has spread her canvas far beyond its acknowledged bounds and created something real, truthful, and enduring—a philosophy of life.

For the pictures of Dorthy Latrop, who has here given of her very best, only the warmest admiration can be felt. Against a background rich and wise in color, in a hundred expressive poses, she has portrayed Hitty for all time; Hitty prim, composed, with her faint, pleasant smile, whether surrounded by tropic palms and monkeys, floating among the wonders of the rock pool, or falling in all her finery at Mr. Dickens's august feet. Each drawing is a masterpiece. Looking at the serene little face in the daguerreotype frontispiece one feels, with Hitty herself: "What is a mere hundred years to well-seasoned mountain-ash wood?"

As a joint production the book is unsurpassed, nor could its production be bettered.

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Valiant Adventurers

COURAGEOUS COMPANIONS. By CHARLES J. FINGER. Illustrated by JAMES H. DAUGHERTY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK V. MORLEY

I NEED not apologize to Mr. Finger for allowing this review to be held up by head winds. His position is established. With "Tales from Silver Lands" he won the Newbery medal; with "Courageous Companions" he has won the Longmans, Green prize competition. Good judges have for some time greeted Mr. Finger with exurberance; librarians and public alike respect him. Therefore the real discourtesy would be to rush into such praise as would proceed from hasty reading and quick typing. And there is another reason. Mr. Finger can recall the 1880's and '90's, "when," he says elsewhere, "literature and revolution rushed together like twin stars." Having been friendly to the revolutionaries of his own youth, he will not mind a review from the opposition camp today.

"Courageous Companions" is the story of an English boy from Portsdown, who took part in the first voyage round the world. Dick Osberne was as good as the other lads of the village at marksmanship, and better than any at languages and headwork. Thus he was in on his master's adventures, which enabled him to connect again with Andrew, the seaman gunner, who during the sports at Portsdown had hinted that the voyage was possible. The English had not the same incentive as the Portuguese to seek a new route to the Spiceries; hence to carry out the dream Andrew and Osberne were constrained to serve an alien flag. It turned out that they had to serve it better than it deserved, for there was continual bickering among the captains of Magellan's fleet, and there was ill-treatment for any natives they fell in with. Osberne thwarted some of the mutinies and befriended some of the natives, but there was plenty of bloodshed and adventure and hardship before the surviving companions (Andrew was buried in a foreign strand) came to their home again.

Such is the bare skeleton of the story. In the book the skeleton is well filled in. The early chapters, and Osberne's adventures in Patagonia, are to me particularly good. The sports at Portsdown come alive, and yield as merry a scene as any since Howard Pyle's. All the notions which work in Andrew and Dick are such as to send the phagocytes humping round young veins. But as I read on (and read one must, when in the grip of this, no 'prentice hand) there were at times resistances. To describe them bluntly, they were objections to pretentiousness; but I feel that they apply more strongly to the pictures than to the text; and I am not sure that I can describe them at all without seeming captious or impertinent.

I mean by the pretentious something which often follows after the sentimental. A sentimental writer seeks for an extra or excess effect; but one is foolish to condemn him, if he is up against a real problem. For instance, in "The Hound of Heaven," I feel resistance at such lines as

> Thunder-driven,
> They clanged His chariot 'thwart a heaven,
> Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet.

This doesn't ring true, as the magnificent preceding lines ring true; it seems forced. But if you turn to the whole passage and realize Thompson's problem, you will see that only a poet of greater magnitude than he was could have got out of it. There was something tremendous to be said, and somehow it isn't said; one feels it is a blemish, but it is impossible to see what is to be done about it; and so the fault, being a fault of genius, is excused. But with imitators it is different; there is no reason to allow such a blemish as this in Thompson to be used as an excuse for slipshod work. There is no reason to be lenient unless there is real difficulty. Nor is it wholly alien to the present subject to probe this example a little deeper; consider the word o' above. In my resistance to this quotation there is more than a prejudice against the use of o', but the o' may make the resistance communicable. The usage has become suspect since Thompson's day. In "mother o' mine" and similar expressions it is a blatant attempt to invest a phrase with spurious meaning. It is here so generally recognized as "forced" that none but a writer of real force could restore to o' its original harmlessness. And it is here that pretentiousness comes in. There is rarely anything contemptible about the man who is honestly beaten by a difficult problem, yet hands in what he can by way of solution. It is the bluffer who cribs the solution without seeing where or why it is wrong, who makes a fool of himself.

The problems of prose-writing, though they take more space to discuss, are no less difficult than the problems of verse; and even in the simplified realm of boy's books and adventure stories, there are many which are severe. As with verse, a trouble is that we are dominated by the nineteenth century; and the great productions of the nineteenth century, particularly those of the end of the century, cannot be imitated. Often a vigorous writer is followed by a good deal of "school-work," but the value of school-work depends upon the character of the exemplar. If the pattern leaves room for decoration or elaboration, the school-work may be valuable. In boys' books, one can do profitable school-work by following after Defoe; but one cannot after Stevenson. To imitate "Treasure Island" is to court destruction. It is impossible to "improve" upon it, for it is too much improved as it is. One forgives Stevenson the "crumb of glass" and the parmesan cheese, for though this is proliferation, it is the proliferation of a man of power. But the power does not reside in these excesses; and for any one without the power to indulge them, is to be wearying. It is a commonplace to point out that Stevenson's influence has often been pernicious. So with a good many of the writers who have influenced adventure stories. "Moby Dick" has had some influence on boys' books; but Melville is an end-point—to follow after "Moby Dick" would be as disastrous as to follow after "Macbeth." And so with many more; it is desirable to recognize that in the exploitation of such problems and solutions as it took to with energy, the nineteenth century pretty well cleaned up.

Illustration from "The Goldsmith of Florence"

But the point is not merely that it is dangerous to pattern after the end-men of the nineteenth century, it is dangerous to follow any end-men. The Elizabethans are even more dangerous than the nineteenth century. Mr. Finger has in this book wisely avoided the late nineteenth-century influence, but he has not kept clear of the Elizabethans. He has developed a mannerism, compounded of Hakluyt and the Bible, which serves adequately enough for the high moments, but which is clumsy in the intervening passages:

> Now that morning Osberne had the strangest of adventures. Being hungry, the first thing was to get food, but it had been a hungry voyage and he and pain of the stomach were no strangers. But above all he wished to keep out of sight of the ships until such time as he knew how things were. So he went around a point of land which hid him from prying eyes and where a narrow arm of the sea ran up into the land, thinking that a little river might fall into the sea at that place. As the tide was low, many rocks stuck out from the sand, and he saw on them black mussels not different from those he had gathered many a hundred time on the shore at Portsdown. So there was a something to stay the stomach. But he found more. There were mushrooms on the shore. Also a bush bore fruit of a kind he had not seen before, black and sweet and of the size of a small cherry, with three or four seeds. As the tide came up, he saw that the bay was full of fish and thought how good a meal might be made if he had fire. So being a little refreshed and feeling stronger, and the sun having dried his breeches, for he had no other clothes, he thought to climb the hill, going up on the side furthest from the sea, because he knew himself for a deserter, which meant the rope or the ax, were he seen and caught.

There is no problem here, except to get on with the strange adventure; and the effect (such as "he and pain of the stomach were no strangers") to heighten and enlarge the narrative is not only crude but pretentious. Such passages are not infrequent, and each one is a blemish.

One might not notice them so quickly if the pictures did not accentuate the malpractice. In the highly-mannered and "impressive" style which Mr. Daugherty has developed, there seems to me an elaboration of the 1880's and 90's romance, which doesn't come off. Howard Pyle has been a bad influence, as Stevenson in writing; what they did was carried about as far as it could go, and to elaborate on that is to be merely clever and sophisticated and sterile. One sees the cleverness, yet to be conscious of it sets up a barrier. Not even the tactful Lawrence Irving wholly succeeds with the elaboration of impressiveness; and Mr. Daugherty in these illustrations does not bother about fact. "Atogreet Osberne" is an example of an exaggeration which accords poorly with the text of this adventure. For though Mr. Finger's style is pseudo-antique, there is vitality about the Patagonian adventures; but in this illustration there is not much vitality underneath the trappings. The effort to impress is very conscious, very developed, and in the end stultifying. A headpiece such as that to Chapter VI defeats the intention; the magniloquence defeats itself. It suggested to me the let-down from Thompson's o' to the o' in "mother o' mine." If, in a story, every picture becomes a blurb, appreciation of the story is more difficult. And if, as here, all this accentuation is unnecessary, it is quite reasonably called pretentious.

Artisans and Their Methods

THE GOLDSMITH OF FLORENCE. By KATHERINE GIBSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ANNE LYON HAIGHT

A BY-PRODUCT of its author's story-telling at the Cleveland Museum of Art, this inspiring account of the lives and accomplishments of great men, known and unknown, is beautifully written and lavishly illustrated with photographs of famous works of art from Europe and America and quaint woodcuts by Kalman Kubinyi. Through each of its stories of artisans and their methods of work runs the same refrain—patience, courage and ambition, devotion to duty, sacrifice for the sake of an ideal, and the striving for perfection.

We read of the nameless weavers of tapestries and the development of the loom; we learn of the difficulties of the illuminators of manuscripts and receipts for the lost art of burnishing, we find that Albrecht Dürer and Hans Holbein etched designs for armour. The great period of romance and achievement in all the branches of art, under the patronage of the Medici in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is vividly brought before us in the history of five great craftsmen of Florence. We are carried up to date by accounts of the work of Kirchmayer, the master woodcarver, and of Koralewsky, the master smith, both of whom are creating near Boston today. The influence that Bible stories, mythology, and fairy tales had upon design is interestingly set forth. All these are live subjects which children are studying and reading about.

Classics in Gala Dress

TREASURE ISLAND. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. The same.

HERE are two favorites of youth in brave array, but despite their gala attire in serviceable form. With all the embellishments of color plates, wide margins, and large type these classics have been kept to a size that makes them suitable for the library shelf and relieves them of the character of gift books for table display. Mr. E. A. Cox has furnished Macaulay's Lays with a profusion of illustrations in brilliant hue, and the poems themselves are introduced with the poet-historian's explanatory prefaces. "Treasure Island," while not as profusely illustrated, has striking pictures, both in color and black and white, by Rowland Hilder.

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Childhood in China

THE CHINESE INK STICK. By KURT WIESE. New York: Doubleday, Doran, & Company. 1929. $2.

TRAVELING SHOPS. By DOROTHY ROWE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $2.

BETTY OF THE CONSULATE. By LYDIA J. TROWBRIDGE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ALICE TISDALE HOBART

Author of "Pidgin Cargo"

THESE three children's books on China have one very admirable quality in common. All three give authentic presentations of the Chinese, picturing them as normal human beings, with their racial peculiarities made interesting but not bizarre or fantasic. Would that I could say the same of many of the books written on China for mature readers. Were all "grown-up" books on China written with a like fidelity to truth, America would today be much farther on the road to sympathetic understanding of the Chinese people.

"The Chinese Ink Stick" will be enjoyed by any child who has reached the age when he takes an interest in what is happening in other parts of the world. It is full of details which will delight his mental curiosity. Mr. Wiese manages to give a great deal of information about China without seeming to do so. He presents it in the form of anecdotes and stories told by a stick of ink. Incidentally, the Ink Stick, in explaining itself, tells much of the history of ink in the first country to make it—China. It is a very discerning Ink Stick, with a sly sense of humor that travels from the red lacquer tray of the seller of ink to the table of the famous painter of bamboos and, thence, by a typically Chinese transaction, to another table, that of the public letter writer. The Ink Stick sees and hears much of the life of "Our Street" and of China—east, west, north, and south—while it lies on this last table for, as I have said, it is a very observing piece of ink. But the best story the Ink Stick tells, I think, is of its stay in the home of the tea merchant. Liang, the son of the tea merchant, the finder of the worn-down piece of ink and the guardian of it month after month, is not *any* little boy dressed up in Chinese clothes. He is a *Chinese* boy, acting and thinking as Chinese do. His family, although we catch only glimpses of them, are also very true to life. Only in China, where little things count for so much, would you get the to-do that is made when little Liang is discovered clasping the worn-down piece of ink. I can see, in the very flesh, the chief accountant of the tea merchant's shop nodding his head and prophesying that the noble Liang's love for the stump of ink means he is going to be a great scholar—the greatest thing that could happen to the tea merchant's son.

Surely any child who wants to know how other children in the world live will like this book. He will like the drawings, too, and so will the grown-ups in the family. Who could fail to get the humor in the picture of little Liang making New York calls with his father? The pomposity, the great dignity of little Liang! I smile every time I look at the picture. And who is there who has ever lived in China who will not be amused at the jacket with the much-decorated Japanese gentleman adorning the Rintan poster? I fear that is a touch which only the initiated will appreciate.

* * *

"Traveling Shops" is slighter in texture than "The Chinese Ink Stick. It is not so full of that "number of things" which, according to Stevenson, should make us all "as happy as kings." Neither do the descriptions portray the Chinese quite so well, and the drawings do not depict so perfectly the peculiar Chinese pose and expression. Nevertheless the book succeeds in making some aspects of Chinese life extremely vivid: the cries of the fruit vendor, the candy-maker, the seller of silk threads; the birds taking their daily airing with their masters; the bargain well driven. And who can tell? Perhaps children not over-curious, just lovers of a good story, might prefer this book to the other. Certainly any child who loves animals will take delight in the story of "Buffalo," in Tse Ching riding on Buffalo's "wide gray back, in the deep hollow on either side of it. He was such a small boy that he could sit in one hollow and curl his feet in the hollow on the other side of Buffalo's sharp backbone."

"Betty of the Consulate" gives China from a very different angle from the two other books. It is the story of a family of Americans and their life in China. Betty, the heroine, lived in China in eighteen hundred and sixty. Nevertheless, with a few exceptions, the picture the author gives is of the China I know—the China of today.

I have often wondered why more of such material has not come out of China; there are so many American children living there. And American children at home might profit greatly by reading of how their young countrymen in China spend their days, very happy without most of the things which the child in America feels are essentials.

I did not think, when I began "Betty of the Consulate" that I was going to like it. The little girl of three sounded pedantic and artificial, but Betty becomes a real child later. The story grows in interest and gains momentum as it progresses. In the end I liked the story a great deal, and I can understand how very much a little girl would be interested in Betty's experiences. She would gain from it, too, what Betty gained out of her experiences, namely, to take the Chinese quite naturally and to love them. Almost without exception, American children in China have a very deep love for the Chinese, who in turn care for them with an almost touching devotion. There is a sound psychology of race and country in this book that a child, reading it, would accept without knowing it by so large a name.

I must speak of one or two bits in particular; for instance, the time when the mother finds the children tobogganing down a board, elbows waving like wings, seizing at the bottom of the board a toy, and waddling back up the incline in imitation of cormorants fishing. It is gay and childlike and altogether a delightful scene. And Billy's dream when he rides through the night on the dragon's back in his nightie and the dragon throws his whiskers back and straps his long ears over the child is pure and charming whimsicality. I wish the author would write a whole book full of such flights of fancy.

These books are for children. I only hope that as sound and sane as well as delightful books on China for America's older people are being written. Such books would help to make the coming generation international-minded.

Kentucky Magic

WITCH PERKINS. By EVELYN SCOTT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Author of "John Brown's Body"

THERE is nothing insipid about "Witch Perkins." Nor is it—that deadliest of things in a book for children—"written down." In fact, there is a flavor about the whole first part of the story of Ella and her Kentucky house and the mysterious family who moved in next door (in the days of carriages and hot egg-bread and horsehair furniture) which reminds me of some of the best bound volumes of the old *St. Nicholas*. You can see the town and the people and feel the lazy sunlight—things are natural and easy-going—and they have the relative importance a child would give them—there is no taint of the explanatory grown-up. Though, for that matter, any child who reads this book will learn a good deal about how life used to be lived in America, in the easy, tumble-down days, and learn it without feeling instructed, either. Ella herself is very lifelike and so are the Perkins family. And Uncle Simon, that sinister pig-man, will haunt my dreams for some time.

In the second part of the book, Ella is ill and dreams. And here Miss Scott's rich and somewhat macabre imagination gives itself full play. The dream is by no means entirely comfortable—there is a very genuine quality of nightmare in it. There are amiable though pompous Brownie-dolls and a helpful Jesse James, as well as an efficient and ingenious dragon, but the spider is rather terrifying and the midnight feast of the Moonshiners has awe-inspiring moments. I don't know quite what some of our modern child-educators would say to that. Personally, I found it very enjoyable. And—as a sop of consolation—it all comes right in the end. Virtue is adequately rewarded and vice appropriately punished. "Grown-ups certainly don't know everything."

Here is a child's book which is not cut to pattern. It is full of color and fantasy, it gives a sense of life. The themes it uses are native to our own ground. And there is not a trace of patronage in it. While, for the more horrific passages, I should think they would be the sort children read with fearful joy. Or used to, once upon a time.

Realms of Fancy

LITTLE BLACK STORIES. By BLAISE CENDRARS. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER

Author of "Courageous Companions"

THIS is why I hold M. Cendrars in respect. Those Africans I have known, Gold Coast and Senegal district people, were more given to sit listening to twanging instruments than to story telling and I rarely found tale tellers. M. Cendrars was luckier or more diligent than I. He may have gone further afield, for to talk of Africa is like talking of Asia; in the equatorial continent there are peoples as far apart as are Nairs and high class Hindus, while African languages differ as do the tongues of China from the tongues of Ceylon. Also there is this. In Africa there have been strange migrations resulting in a mixing of customs and languages and cultures, so that to catch the real simon-pure folk tale is rare. As to that mixing, you recall how Livingston, the first white man in the Linyanti district, stood amazed when he heard natives salute him with a Hail Mary! and a pious Moslem exclamation, though both greetings were sadly blurred. Therefore it is easy to see why folk tales also are blurred. Indeed the only tale I heard that bore no touch of derivation was one I have entitled "The Wizard and the Paint Stick," and when writing it I sinned greatly and in a way to horrify the folk-lore student, going to great lengths to adorn, for I craved a music of my own.

M. Blaise Cendrars does not sin in that way. His eleven tales have the ring of native simplicity where construction is concerned. They are quite unaffected, are presented with a singular modesty. They take upon themselves an order of course and climax. They are tales told by someone who tells for the delight of doing it. When there appears an obvious piece of derivation from European sources as in the story of "The Lazy Judge," with its

> Cat, bite the mouse!
> Dog, bite the cat!
> Stick, strike the dog!
> Fire, burn the stick!

he lets stand what he finds. So this book of tales is of a sort to please the young mind, if there is proper discrimination and a thought that the interest appeals to that age lying between "Mother Goose" and Grimm. Going beyond that age you misplace the book. The safest way is for booksellers to advise the book's purchase by those who have the will and the ability to read aloud to youngsters. Also the wise reader-aloud should be apt and ready with synonyms, because to thunder out such words as "vanquished," "delirium," "consumed," "husbandman," "supreme," "gesticulated," is to run the danger of whirling young listeners out of the land of fairy and fancy into a void of dull fact and mystification. For, verily I say unto you, whoso carries a dictionary shall not walk in glowing and shining realms. In that lies a gentle hint for the translator of the book.

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When Religion Was Young

HOW THE GREAT RELIGIONS BEGAN. By JOSEPH GAER. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by GILBERT LOVELAND

A CULTIVATED gentleman whose especial interest is social ethics once told me that no one really gets interested in religion before thirty-five. He meant, of course, interested in the sense of feeling some need of religion as a consolation or as a guarantor of meanings and values in life. Of an objective interest in religion, and of a curious interest in the history of religions, there is surely increasing evidence; and for this kind of interest age-limits cannot be set. Within a month a college president told undergraduates that any person of culture must in these days recognize religion as an aspect of the human scene and be intelligent about it whether appropriating it or not.

It is probable that this interest in religion extends even below college age. A merely superficial knowledge of the history of mankind demands some acquaintance with various religions. In "How the Great Religions Began," Mr. Gaer has told the story of the religions simply, entertainingly, instructively, and reverently. Having addressed his book to boys and girls, he has wisely made it simple in style, vividly personal, and—may one say, of these hoary figures?—anecdotal in its treatment of the central characters. Any youngster who is beginning to have an acquaintance with world history will find the book easily within his ken.

Of the four adverbs used in the preceding paragraph to qualify Mr. Gaer's manner of telling the story of religions, the greatest is, I think, the last —"reverently." Here are matters about which it would have been easy to write smartly, flippantly, even scornfully. Instead he has written as one believing that some divine spirit has tried to reveal itself to men in every one of the great faiths; as one believing that in each of them there is valuable truth.

* * *

A commendable feature of the book is its way of suggesting interrelationships among some of the religions described. Though Brahminism was the native religion of both Gautama the Buddha and Mahavira the Jaina, these two princes in purifying their religion founded two new faiths which included only part of the teachings of Brahmanism. Abraham brought from Chaldea to Canaan a whole body of religious belief and practice that made the base of the Hebrew religion. And Mohammed, as a camel-driver, learned the teachings of both Jews and Christians from the travelers he met and talked with in the market-places of Syria, Persia, and Egypt. Mr. Gaer is all the while pointing out that most of the great religions have had antecedents.

Book One tells of the religions of India: Brahmanism, old and new; Buddhism, Jainism. One of the finest parts of the book is the story of Prince Sidhatta Gautama, who for his holy life became known as the Buddha. Book Two describes the beginnings of the religions of China and Japan: Confucianism, Taoism, Shinto. Book Three describes the growth of the one-God idea, in Zoroastrianism, Judaism, and Christianity. Here the chapter on Judaism, Religion of Many Prophets, is exceedingly sympathetic; and that on Christianity is enriched with many legends probably not known to those whose acquaintance with the first things of their faith is derived from the Christian Bible. Book Four is devoted to Mohammedanism, Flaming Sword of the Desert.

Using historical fact as much as possible for the framework of his story, but decorating it richly with the lore and legend so abundant at hand, Mr. Gaer has made a book of religion that should find a large youthful audience. (For an older audience, too, it should prove a most interesting survey of the whole history of religions.)

I find myself wishing that he had stopped with Book Four. At that point he had fulfilled the promise of the title, "How the Great Religions Began." Book Five, in size only a tenth of the work, and in value even less, could be omitted without great loss. For in the fifth book the author attempts to recite the developments of Christianity from the Dark Ages through the Reformation to the present. This latter-day history is involved stuff. The concision required in this book does violence to a sense of proportion. The picture of the Roman Catholic Church, displaying Crusades, Indulgences, an Inquisition, and a Martin Luther, cannot be a very happy one; a happier picture needs a larger canvas. One misses, too, when he writes of Waldo, Wyclif, Zwingli, Calvin, Knox, the Anabaptists, and the Quakers, some reference to John Wesley. Methodists are mentioned in only one parenthetical aside: " 'Quakers' is only a nickname that clung to them, just as the nickname 'Methodists' clung to another Chrisian sect." Moreover, to include a few short paragraphs about American-born sects seems to be wandering far from "How the Great Religions Began."

One can, however, easily overlook the last tenth of the book because of the beauty and strength of the preceding nine-tenths.

There are eight striking wood-engravings by Frank W. Peers, and, for end-pieces, maps showing the birthplaces of religious leaders; these add greatly to the effectiveness of the book.

Illustration from "The Snow Queeen," by Hans Christian Andersen

The Story of the Bible

THE BOOK OF THE BIBLE. By JOHN W. FLIGHT. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $1.

IN one hundred and fifty pages of clear, big type, Dr. Flight has condensed the story of the Bible, gathering together only those parts that are "of interest or meaning to young folk."

His method is to use the very words of the King James Version for the more important passages, joining these selections with dignified prose narrative of his own making. The result is a brief Bible, giving much of the flavor of the original, and the essential substance of it. The author has not tried to provide a substitute for the the Bible: "it is to be hoped," he says, "that the reading of this book may lead many to read the Bible for themselves, and to appreciate their heritage in the noblest Book that ever appeared in the English language."

In a Foreword, Professor William Lyon Phelps writes: "If one had to choose, I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible. . . . Men of all shades of belief and of all shades of unbelief are pretty well agreed that the Bible is the best book in the world." And he records that he would like to require "every candidate for admission to any American college or university to pass an examination in this volume, "The Book of the Bible," if it were not that this scheme would defeat its object by making the reading an odious task rather than a delight.

There are many illustrations, some of them in color. Maps to illustrate the Old Testament and the New Testament are printed on end-papers.

The Oxford University Press, which issues some of the most important works of scholarship that are current, is inviting its friends, young and old, to a puppet show. The invitations have gone out in the name of Mr. Punch and the party signalizes the entrance of the American branch of the publishing house into the field of juvenile literature.

The Bible for Everybody

STORIES FROM THE BIBLE. By WALTER DE LA MARE. Ilustrated by THEDORE NADEJEN. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. $3.50.

THE CHILD'S BIBLE. The words of the Old and New Testaments arranged, illustrated, and explained for young people. Edited by JOHN STERLING. With pictures from the great Art Galleries and Black and White Drawings by T. HEATH ROBINSON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $3.75

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

NEITHER as a man nor as a child have I been afraid of any book, always excepting those in the higher latitudes of mathematics; at the age of five I read the whole undiluted Bible through, and am glad I did. But in these less rigorous days, when the classics are presented to children in the form of predigested tablets, it seems necessary to arrange, or abridge, or rewrite the Bible; and if such things must be, I have not seen the undertaking managed any more skilfully than in these two volumes.

It is often said that young people do not read the Bible nowadays. While it is true that they do not read it as much as they should, or as much as young people did when books were few, it is probably true that they know more about it than they do of any other book or books. If a reference to the Bible seems to be understood by only a few in a large company, try any other book on them and see what happens.

* * *

Walter de la Mare has written a charming introduction; charming in its modesty, in its reverence, in its appreciation. Furthermore, he gives a portion of the book of Ruth in six successive versions, Wycliffe (c. 1382), as revised by John Purvey (1386), Miles Coverdale (1536), The Geneva Bible (1560), The Douai Bible (1609), and the Authorized Version (1611), in order to show the difficulty of retelling any of the stories after those masterpieces of translation. Mentioning some of the difficulties that confront those who open the Bible for the first time, Mr. de la Mare says: "My small endeavor has been to lighten some of these difficulties, while yet keeping as close to the spirit of the text as I am capable of. In many passages I have kept even to the letter. Apart from that, remembrance of what the matchless originals in the Bible itself meant to me when I was a child is still fresh and vivid in mind, and these renderings are little more than an attempt to put that remembrance as completely as I can into words."

Such a statement is more than disarming. It strengthens our confidence in the ability of the writer to accomplish his task. There are nine divisions—The Garden of Eden, The Flood, Joseph, Moses, The Wilderness, Samson, Samuel, Saul, David.

The style is so simple, so beautiful, and so appealing that it will reach not only the children, but all discerning readers. I do not care for the illustration—no, not at all.

* * *

The "Child's Bible" is a bigger book, over five hundred pages in double column; the pictures are far better for children than in the other volume; selections from the masterpieces have been made, and the black and white drawings seem to me exactly adapted to their purpose. They are indeed delightful and should arouse rapturous responses. There are also maps and explanatory drawings.

Selections are made from both Old and New Testaments, and words like *void* and *firmament* are immediately followed by parenthetical definitions (*empty*) and (*the sky*).

Thus the language of the Authorized Version is maintained and the meaning not lost. The Notes are unobtrusive and excellent, and when any portions of the text have been omitted, the omissions are indicated, the bridge to the next passage is well built, and the narrative made continuous. Furthermore, the paragraphs are skilfully made, and the headings arouse curiosity.

Altogether, this is a book to delight and to inspire children. I wish that it could have been made lighter in weight, as well adapted to their little hands as to their little minds.

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Children in Heaven

Illustration from "Out of the Everywhere," by Winifred Howard

IN heaven there is no panic. We are all saved; we do not have to die any more. That makes a great deal of difference; but most of all to the children. Because it is the children who are most afraid of death. Not always for themselves; but for those they love. They do not see how they can live without their nurses, their mothers, a doll, a broken tea-cup—the collections of their hearts. When they grow up, they learn that they can live without these things. Then, sometimes, they are even glad to die, because where they are going, they cannot take anything with them.

No—in heaven there is nothing to lose; not even life, any more. What a relief for everybody.

The children play forever and ever. But their games are not always the same; and the children of one generation look at the children of another with curiosity, and with distrust. How savage they seem to one another—or how sober. They understand each other's language, but not each other's impulses.

However, no one can take their games away from them. And so they play together as well as they can; and with an enthusiasm in which there is no anxiety. On the other hand, they can never grow up; and so, sometimes, they weep a little. Their tears fall without brine on to their hands and wrists warmed by the heavenly sun. There is no anguish there.

Look at Elizabeth, whom pneumonia took at four-and-a-half-going-on-five. Well, she would never be five, that was all there was to it. It made her drop a tear now and then. Five was such a lovely age. It sounded old; and it was hardly any nearer dying than four-and-a-half.

But there she was, stuck forever at four-and-a-half. She was one of the very latest arrivals; and she was just seven years younger than her friend Louise, who had got there ten years ahead of her. The arithmetic of this did not puzzle her; because, for one thing, she did not think about arithmetic.

Louise, on the other hand, was vigorous, and earnest. License was what she didn't believe in; but she respected liberty, and athletics.

She said to Elizabeth:

"I used to play with boys. We played cops and robbers, red rover, and prisoner's base. I wore bloomers, and fell down and tore my stockings. Do you think that's disgraceful? Well, it was fun. Mother thought it was disgraceful."

"Ah," said Elizabeth. "Boys."

And she made a pleased sound with her nose.

"Boys and girls," explained Louise. "Both."

"Both," said Elizabeth. "Well, well. I played more with boys, myself. That is, big boys."

"You?" asked Louise doubtfully, looking down at her.

"Me," said Elizabeth stoutly. Her eyes gazed dreamily back into the past. "There was one boy called Hunter," she said. "He must have been twelve years old. He played with me."

Louise wanted to know what they'd played. Elizabeth explained that she and Hunter had had talks.

"We talked about our papas," she said, "and our mamas, and about people marrying each other, and about what happened when you died."

Louise let out a long whistle. "We never talked about things like that," she declared. "We just played. Or sometimes a boy and a girl would have a crush on each other, and hold hands, and write notes to each other in school. Then everybody teased them. But we never talked about things like—like what you said. Why, we never even though about such things. Not till much later."

"All my friends were like that," said Elizabeth. "Do you think we were funny? Well, I think you were funny. We played, too; we had hop scotch and things. And some of us could stand on our hands, and do things like splits, and tap dancing; but I was too little for splits. I just sat and talked to Hunter."

"Did you have a crush on Hunter?" asked Louise earnestly.

But Elizabeth did not know what a crush was. "I don't think I had it," she said. However, she had other information. "Do you know what?" she announced. "My mama told me how babies are made. I asked her."

"Why," said Louise, with dreadful awe, "I wouldn't dass to ask my mama a thing like that."

"Well, I'll tell you then," said Elizabeth. "It seems. . . ."

"No," said Louise. Her cheeks turned pink; and she looked around uneasily, to see who was listening. "Let's play," she urged.

"I don't want to," said Elizabeth. And she added, inexorably:

"It seems. . . ."

"Well anyway," said Louise, "don't let's talk about it now."

"All right," said Elizabeth calmly. "What'll we talk about?"

However, Louise had nothing to talk about. The two little girls sat dreaming; the warm and heavenly air, full of the spice of cinnamon, loud with the drone of bees, drifted about them, and moved them to drowsy joy.

"It's a funny thing," said Louise finally, "when nothing can happen to you any more. I mean, when they can't take things away from you forever and ever. Just staying little, I mean, and not getting older, and having to learn things."

"I know everything, anyhow," said Elizabeth.

Louise went on:

"You do what you know how to do . . . I mean, you go on doing the things you always did. You don't have to change, or grow up, or stop doing the things you like doing. I can play prisoner's base here forever and ever if I want to. It's like the hymn they sing."

And she chanted in a clear young voice:

> Then shall I see and hear and know
> All I desired and wished below,
> And every power find sweet employ
> In that eternal world of joy.
>
> Amen.

"I know," said Elizabeth gloomily. "I'll be an old maid forever and ever."

"But other children don't do the things you do," contined Louise. "They do other things. That's what's so mixing up. You take you and me. You can do things like splits, and standing on your hands. . . ."

"No I can't," said Elizabeth.

"You said you could," Louise insisted. "Well anyway, your mama told you about babies. And I played cops and robbers, and I spy, and things like that. Did you wrestle?"

"Wrestle?" asked Elizabeth blankly. "With who?"

"Other girls," said Louise.

"What would I do that for?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh, I don't know," Louise answered. "It made you feel sort of thrilly. And races with the boys, to beat them running."

"You seem to have jumped around a good deal," said Elizabeth.

She puzzled over this for a minute. "You ran races with the boys," she said; "you wanted to beat them. I liked the boys. I wouldn't want to beat them. I sat and talked to them very sweetly. I wouldn't feel thrilly if I wrestled."

"Well, there you are," said Louise triumphantly. "That's what's so mixing up. You take my cousin Sidney. He came here years and years before even me. I guess he came here before I was born, almost. He's eight years old, and he doesn't do anything. I mean, he won't run races, or play cops and robbers, or tag. He's no fun at all. He's always saying I ought to be ashamed. I don't even know what he's talking about. Do you? What should I be ashamed for?"

"You let me talk to him," said Elizabeth darkly.

"He wouldn't talk to you," said Louise. "He'd be afraid to talk to a girl."

Elizabeth gave a laugh which she hoped would come out cool and insolent. "I guess I know how to talk to a little boy so's he won't be afraid, don't I?" she said.

She was silent, musing; and memories of all the little boys she had talked to wandered through her mind, pure as a vegetable, and vigorous as a squirrel. First there was Hunter. And then there was Frank, who used to skate up and down in the park. It was always a question: would he come to sit by her, or would he go on skating? She had put an end to his gruesome indecision by telling him that he was certainly the best skater in the whole world. After that he always came back to her. Soon he was content to sit beside her, if only to hear her criticize the other skaters. In the end he was afraid to skate at all, for fear she might have something to say about him, too. So he just sat.

And there was little Peter, who was so gentle and sweet, and wept when she told him how babies were made. She used to tidy his coat, and blow his nose for him. Peter was easy. But was he worth it?

Far off in the distance flowed the Jordan, deep and dark. About them bloomed and blossomed the flowers of paradise, lilies and immortelles, daisies for the children, jasmine for lovers. The bees, whose honey fed their tables, tumbled among the blossoms, and sang to one another, with the birds. Behind them, in the city, the grown-ups went about their business. Like Elizabeth, and Louise, they did what they knew how to do; their powers were finding sweet employ. And like the children, nothing would be taken away from them, not ever. Not even joy.

"What's your mother doing, Louise?" asked Elizabeth.

Louise gave a pout, and a hop. "She's getting ready for Mother's Day," she said, "along with Mrs. Meiggs. She's to be the Spirit of Arkansas. She thinks I'll behave better after I've seen her as the Spirit of Arkansas, I guess."

"What's your mother doing, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth heaved the ghost of a sigh. "Mother isn't here," she said. "I'm an orphan."

"That's right," said Louise cheerfully; "I'd forgot. Well, you don't have to be told all the time to stand up straight, and for goodness sake don't sit on your feet, and look at your dress all over mud again, and can't you keep the hair out of your eyes. . . ."

"No," said Elizabeth, a little shortly, "I don't."

"I don't have to be told anything at all."

And one bright, lonesome tear fell with a slight plink onto the grass.

"Oh well," she said. "I know everything, anyhow."

A moment later she sat up straight, and smoothed out the ribbon in her hair. "Here comes a boy," she breathed, and pulled her dresses down.

"It's Sidney," remarked Louise without enthusiasm.

"Ho—Sidney."

They were joined by a pale and studious young man of eight-going-on-nine, whose face, freckled in life, but happily white in paradise, shone with honesty, with earnestness, and with bewilderment. "Ho, Louise," he said; and turning toward Elizabeth, he made a small, formal bow. "How do you do," he said.

"It's Elizabeth," declared Louise.

Elizabeth half rose; then remembering that she was, although small, a woman, she sat down again.

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by Robert Nathan

"How do you do," she remarked languidly, making to hold out her hand. But Sidney was not prepared; so the hand, after an awkward wave or two, was withdrawn.

"Darn," thought Elizabeth.

"We were talking," she said in an agreeable but throaty voice, "of Louise's mama. Have you a papa, little boy?"

Sidney gazed at her without speaking. His eyes glazed; his face grew pink. "I'm not a little boy," he said at last, with restrained heat. "I'm practically nine years old."

"I'm practically five," said Elizabeth. "Aren't I, Louise?"

"What's the difference what you are?" cried Louise. "Let's play something. There's three of us now; we could play one ol' cat."

"Have you a papa, Sidney?" Elizabeth insisted, looking up at him in her very best manner.

The young man fidgeted with his foot in the grass. "Yes, I have," he said. "What of it?"

"Nothing," replied Elizabeth mildly. "Only I haven't."

He gazed at her without interest. "Yes," she murmured, with a dying fall, "I'm all alone. I have no papa to play with."

Sidney gave a snort. "My papa don't play with me," he said. "He parades in a uniform."

Elizabeth sucked in her breath. "A uniform," she breathed. "Does he let you put it on sometimes?"

"No, he don't," said Sidney. "He says little boys should be seen and not heard."

"Tst," murmured Elizabeth.

"Arrr," said Sidney, "he don't notice me at all."

However, a thought of his own seemed presently to revive him. "Do you know what?" he asked mysteriously.

"What," said Elizabeth.

He lowered his voice a little. "Can you do fractions?" he asked.

"Fractions?" echoed Elizabeth. "I suppose so. Fractions? Of course."

And she gave a laugh which she hoped would sound hearty.

"I was up to fractions when I left home," said Sidney.

"Look at me," cried Louise. "I can jump this far with my legs straddle."

She stopped in front of the other two. "Elizabeth can do the splits," she declared.

Elizabeth blushed a fiery red. "I can't, neither," she exclaimed. And seeing Sidney staring at her with a peculiar expression, she added gaily:

"Isn't she indiculous?"

"Look," said Louise. "It's like this." And she spread her legs as far apart as they would go. "Ouch," she said.

Sidney looked away. "That isn't nice," he muttered.

"I don't think so either," agreed Elizabeth. "I like to sit quietly and talk."

And she patted the ground beside her in a wheedling way.

"I was up to fractions," said Sidney with simple joy, "and the next year I was going to have Latin. But then I left. I guess I'll never have Latin now. I can do fractions, though."

He took a deep breath. "Would you like to hear some?" he asked.

"I love to talk," said Elizabeth. "When you run around so much, you get hot. Do you know how babies are made?"

Sidney's eyes grew glazed again. "I guess maybe I ought to be going along now," he said. "Maybe my father's looking for me. I guess. . . ."

It was in vain. Before he could move, he was approached in a vigorous manner from behind by Louise who threw her arms around him. "I can wrestle you," she announced. "I can wrestle you to pieces."

Wasting no more time upon heroic remarks, she set herself to wrestle the unfortunate hero to pieces. Presently he was placed with a thump on the ground, where he remained for a time sunk in dejection, while Louise triumphantly sat on his head. "There," she said, out of breath. "I told you."

"Listen," said Sidney, when he was allowed to get up again; "I wasn't trying. A boy wouldn't wrestle with a girl. I was just standing here, thinking about something. . . ."

"Licked by a girl," chanted Louise joyously. "Licked by a girl. Shame, shame, shame. Sidney was licked by a girl."

"Sit down here with me, little boy," said Elizabeth. "You're all muddy. I'll wipe you off. Louise is a great big rough girl. She wrestled you when you weren't looking."

She wiped some dirt off his cheek, with hands like little moths, soft and vague. "There," she said. "That's better. Don't cry, little boy."

"I wasn't," said Sidney miserably.

"You'd be surprised how babies are made," said Elizabeth, settling down to it. "They grow right in your stummik. But they don't grow in everybody's stummik. Only in little girl's stummiks, and their mamas."

"Let's play," shouted Louise. "Let's play I spy. You're It, Elizabeth. You've got to close your eyes, and Sidney and I'll run and hide."

"No," said Elizabeth.

"Well, it seems. . . ."

"All right," said Louise; "I'll be It. Now look: I'll stand right here, by this tree, and shut my eyes, and count to a hundred by fives."

"No," said Elizabeth again. However, Sidney had climbed to his feet; and so she rose, too, and stood beside him, her hot little face looking hopefully up at him, and the top of her head up to his elbow, about.

Louise closed her eyes voluptuously. Then all of heaven turned still; nothing moved anywhere; the drone of bees, the bird song, all seemed a part of the same silence. She could hear her own heart beating, proudly, joyously. Footsteps went lisping by, sly, unseen. Five, she counted, ten . . .

twenty . . . twenty-five . . .

fifty . . . seventy . . .

a hundred.

She opened her eyes, screwed so tightly together. The light flashed into them, blue and white, gold, red, and then yellow. Where were the others? She looked around, alert, excited.

Far off she saw them, walking away together. That is to say, Sidney was hurrying along, looking straight ahead of him; while a little behind, or under his elbow, trotted Elizabeth, peering now and then up and around into his face; and then falling back; but never losing hope.

Robert Nathan, author of the foregoing sketch, is a poet and novelist whose delicacy of fancy and charm of style have won him the admiration of the discerning. Those who have read "The Bishop's Wife" and "There Is Another Heaven" know how charmingly he depicts childhood.

"Simple Susan" Rediva

SIMPLE SUSAN AND OTHER TALES. By Maria Edgeworth. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $1.75.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

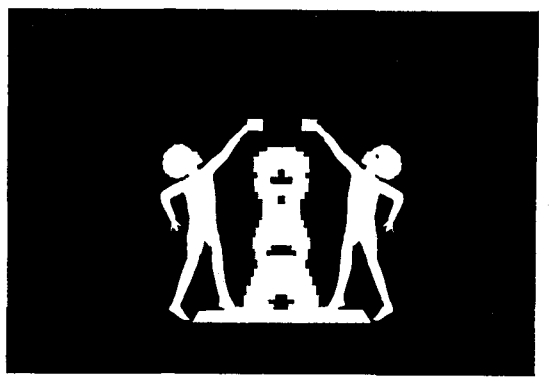
OF that triumphant moment in "Simple Susan" when her pet lamb is returned to the little girl, Sir Walter Scott, whose regard for Maria Edgeworth paralleled, if it did not equal, his admiration for her contemporary, Jane Austen, said "there is nothing for it but to put the book down and cry." Scott's age, to be sure, was more given to tears—even tears of joy—than our own, but the present as well as his day must recognize the spirit and effectiveness of this particular incident and many another as well.

It is high time, indeed, that such a selection as this should have been made from those delightful stories which regaled the children of a past less fearful of didacticism than is today. For Miss Edgeworth's tales, for all the intent that spoke in such titles as "Moral Tales" and "Parents' Assistant," have a liveliness, an ingenuity, and a quiet humor that lend them perennial interest. They have the sort of spontaneity of episode and plentifulness of happening that might be expected of stories composed as they originally were as verbal diversion for the younger brothers and sisters of whom she was so fond. They have a style at once supple and animated, and they have a quality dear to the youthful heart,—a resolute refusal to compromise with wrong-doing. The wages of sin with Miss Edgeworth is always punishment, and the reward of virtue happiness; penalty and good fortune are alike of a kind to satisfy that simple logic of youth which demands that wrong and right should be dealt with each in kind.

One must go far, indeed, to find more charming tales than "Simple Susan," or "The Basket Woman," or "Lazy Lawrence" for older children, and if "Little Dog Trusty" or "The Orange Man" are too obviously moralistic in purpose, yet even they hold the appeal of varied incident and realistic detail for the more youthful reader. We wish that the editors had included "The Barring-Out" and "Waste Not, Want Not, or Two Strings to a Bow," even though the former has a specifically English application; perhaps they will add them in a later edition.

Child Verses

By David McCord



HABIT

IN the steady morning,
With concentrated noise,
I build a wall against the world
Of syllables and toys.

But evening come it topples,
And I am left to keep
Traditional formalities
Of suppering and sleep.

THIS IS MY ROCK

THIS is My Rock
And here I run
To steal the secret of the sun;

This is my rock,
And here come I
Before the night has swept the sky;

This is my rock,
This is the place
I meet the evening face to face.

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A Symposium on Juvenile Reading

The editors of The Saturday Review *sent to a group of persons interested in the education of children from different angles a set of questions bearing on juvenile reading. We print below their responses.*

John Dewey

THE question regarding childrens' reading starts a discussion in the mind of any thoughtful person which, if not "raging," at least stirs many opposite and irreconcilable thoughts, for each of which something may be said. Were it not for one consideration, I should reach the conclusion that with the exception of very small children, the books written for adults, especially those which have attained the rank of classics, are the best reading for children. For the very young, it seems to me the best reading is the story of animal and child life, written preferably in a whimsical or at least semi-humorous style, where the wording is quite literal even though the subject-matter is highly imaginative. I do not mean myths and fairy tales, as much as an imaginative presentation of objects which are familiar; things the child sees, handles, eats, plays with, that attract his attention, presented in some unusual picture, but treated as far as style is concerned in a familiar and even prosaic way.

It is probably useless, in the flood of books for children and youth that pour from the press and that have such commercial pressure behind them, to urge for children of an older age the reading of classics, like the Iliad and Odyssey, Plutarch, and adaptations of them, like the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare." Yet if a movement in that direction could be started, I think it would do more than anything else to improve the standards of the reading of youth. In any case, I think good adult literature is better, with few exceptions, than that especially prepared for the young. The latter is too often written down to the supposed intellectual level of the young, is sentimental and falsely romantic, to say nothing of inferiority of style. The difficulty alluded to above is an over-emphasis, from the standpoint of youth, of romantic love. I do not have in mind here the contemporary definitely "sex" literature as much as the older style of love story, in which images and vague emotions are aroused far beyond any reach of present experience, and by which mental reactions that would come naturally later are prematurely and artificially fostered.

Lest it be thought I have in mind a forced, exclusive diet of classics, let me say that I think books of travel and adventure written for grown-ups provide excellent material. I recall a group of children who had read to them at about the same time Nansen's "Across Greenland" and Kipling's "Captain's Courageous"—certainly a book much superior to most of those which constitute our juvenile literature. The children were more eager for the former than for the latter. Of all reading for the young I think "stereotyped books, without literary value, but having plot interest," the worst.

Angelo Patri

WHAT makes a book good reading for children? Precisely those qualities that make a book good reading for adults. Very few books have been written for the junior audience with that idea to the fore. Until just the other day children's books were stodgy or mawkish or artificial, anything but real.

Authors who thought about writing books for children were rare and those who succeeded in doing so were rarer still. For the most part the generation of which I am one had to be content with such classics as "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Pilgrim's Progress," always done in small type on bad paper with scarcely a picture to lighten the way. From them I fled to the dear delights of the Henty books and the Rollos and the Old Sleuth tales.

For a time these were my world of books until one high day I discovered "Treasure Island." There's a child's book for you. Boy and man, you can read it again and again without once losing that sense of careless rapture that stole over you at the turn of the first page.

It is that first fine careless rapture that puts the soul into a book and marks it as immortal, a real book for children—and adults—for a real book knows neither age nor grade. The story ripples along like the song of a bonny, blithesome bird. Rich imagination must be in its creation, and joy amounting to rapture, and the spirit of play, and the carelessness of method and technique that is the touch of the true master and the overtone of art; and the sincerity that is the essence of all good work must throb within its every measure.

Such a book comes to us rarely. It were too much to ask that it come everyday. Perhaps we should be content that it happens now and then to set the taste of the reader, lift the standard high, touch us all with classic beauty.

The children of to-day have a much wider field of choice than we had. The old sentimentality, the false ethic that marred the story book of the older day have departed together with the sickly heroine and the stupid hero. In their stead we have the dauntless "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," charming "Anne of Avonlea," bold, adventurous "Tonty of the Iron," sweet "Shen of the Sea," entrancing "Kari the Elephant," to mention but a few of my favorites. If these are not classics they are very close to it, for they are, I believe, very good books.

These and their kind are written in fine style and in good taste. They tell their story straightforwardly with never a hint of the deadly talking-down that is the blight of children's books. First-class authors have discovered that children are a keenly intelligent audience, deeply appreciative of good work, quick to respond to the touch of beauty, and they are giving them of their very best.

There is great hope, great promise of a fine body of children's literature in the next few years. There can be no richer gift to childhood. Nothing so lifts the spirit of youth as the book rapturously freighted with color and action and beauty. And in my opinion, there could be no book more worthy the writing than the one that did just that.

Arnold Gesell

WHAT is a balanced ration in children's reading? This is a provocative question because of gratuitous assumptions which lurk behind its reasonableness. It is a popular conceit that books are like diet and that a child's reading interest is like his appetite for food. Bacon lent his authority to this gastronomic concept and spoke of tasting, chewing, swallowing, and digesting the printed page. Perhaps this dietetic trend will lead to compiling official book lists in menu form with a coefficient of calorie values for the various kinds of pabulum!

If the idea of balanced ration is taken too gravely it will lead to artificial apportionments with the inevitable omission of important vitamines. The value of a given book for a given child often hangs upon all sorts of associated factors such as the circumstances under which the book was read, the mystery or grotesqueness of its illustrations, and a thousand idiosyncracies in the child's current individuality. In another month a similar book may have neither appeal nor nutritive value. We must grant some tolerance even for certain reading crazes that seize children. The material read may seem to us stereotyped and vapid; the ration may appear sadly out of balance; but in a growth sense it may none the less prove beneficial for the child.

There is no absolute scale of values for balancing reading rations. The child grows too quickly. An abundance of Mother Goose is excellent at one stage; it is arrestive at another. At adolescence a browsing, desultory sampling in many pastures may be decidedly more developmental than a thorough assimilation of a few certified selections.

It is literally impossible to generalize about the needs of the numerous age levels from nursery to college. Individuals differ even more widely than age levels. Consequently there must always be a premium upon self direction and self discovery in reading fare. If this results in constant change, shows variety and upward trend, we may be content. The reading of every child should include romance, informative science, nonsense, humor, philosophy, beauty, history, and possibly some homily. But who will specify the volumetric and the dynamic units of the viands of the ever changing feast?

Alfred Adler

SO far as the influence of parents and teachers can be thrown it should promote reading of books of higher type in accord with the preference of the child. There should be the possibility of discussing and interpreting such books with an expert in education.

Up to the seventh year I believe it is advisable to interpret books or stories of all kinds to the children. Such oral discussion could be replaced by printing questions and answers in the back of the book for educational purposes. This I deem desirable, because it happens so often that children misunderstand or overlook important views, or are impressed by those views not fitting in our present social life.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

EVERYBODY has heard the story of the man who, wrought to frenzy by a vagueness in our national hymn, sang it with passion thus,

Our hearts with rapture thrill
Like WHAT??? above

I have before me a series of questions about children's reading, sent me by the *Saturday Review*,—"Do children read too much? Should older children read adult books? Are good detective stories bad for children? Should children read about sex—" and I find my vocal chords spasmodically tensing for a questioning bellow, "WHICH children?" Or rather, "Which child?"

What's the answer to the questions: "Are good detective stories bad for people? How should sex be treated in books for people?" The only answer I can think of is, "I'll tell you that if you'll tell me how big is a house?" And when my interlocutor asks blankly "What kind of a house?" answer him, "What kind of people?"

Do children read too much? Some do and some don't. Isn't it the obvious job of every parent to know which kind his children are? How about detective stories? They might be just what is needed by a boy who's slow in mastering the mechanics of reading. Often the trouble with such a child is that his interest has not been held closely enough to push him through the difficulties of the printed word. If he is strong-nerved and robust, not timid, not unduly sensitive, detective stories might be the making of him intellectually because through them he might acquire that speed in reading which is essential if he's to get much use out of books. But because that is true, you wouldn't want your high-strung, impressionable, afraid-of-the-dark little girl of the same age to read them, would you? But they are both "children." And only a parent, teacher, aunt, or someone who knows them personally well, can tell the difference between them as to which books are best for them.

Furthermore, in the case of even one child, what's best for him now may be stale, old fodder six months from now. A growing girl who now would be bored, or repelled, or bewildered by even a wise, humane treatment of sex problems in a book, might before she is an inch taller, be needing just that and nothing else. Only by daily, comfortable, intimate, frank talk on all sorts of topics, can one keep any track of a child's book-needs. To supply them blindly, out of booklists, even good booklists without which nobody can make a home, is exactly on a par with the old-woman habit of trying out every remedy for rheumatism which has benefited a neighbor's maladies, whether they were rheumatic or not.

What are parents for, anyhow?

John Bennett

MY own children have ever been at liberty to read anything in the house; and they have done so. Whether this was the best thing for them or not I have no way of knowing. I did the same thing when I was young, and do not know at all whether it was the best thing for me or not. Our library door stands open: they may read whatever they please.

Opinions as to literary criticism for several years have been the cause of ceaseless controversy. I am no controversialist. I am not sure, however, that standards of literary criticism in this country during the past ten years have so much been raised as they have been broadened.

It takes younger men than myself to entertain positive opinions. I have come to be of an extremely catholic and open mind. I believe that it is better a child should read anything not foul than that he should read nothing whatever. Except it be deliberately pornographic I am convinced that to read *anything* is better than to read nothing.

When I was a child "Don Quixote" unabridged was read aloud to me, "Westward Ho," "Little Men," "Ivanhoe," Grimm's Fairy Tales, "The Arabian Nights." As soon as I was able to read we had "Little Corporal," *Harper's Weekly*, Artemus Ward, "Roughing It," "Innocents Abroad," "Gilded Age," "Tom Sawyer," Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," "Canterbury Pilgrims," Ledyard's "Ninevah," Champollion's "Egypt," "The Black Arts," "Adventures and Escapes of Baron Trenck," histories of England, Spain, Switzerland, mythology of Greece and Rome, Hans Andersen, Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes," "Caricature History of the Three Georges," Bewick's "Birds," "Natural History of Selborne," Webster's Dictionary, "Robinson Crusoe" complete, "Gulliver's Travels" complete, Baron Munchausen, Lane's "Arabian Nights," the Cincinnati *Enquirer* from the Fight on the Little Big Horn and the Prize Ring news to Paddy Ryan's arrival, all the current political news, Tweed Ring cartoons, and Greeley Campaign, the *Scientific American*, Wilson's Ornithology," "Science of Familiar Things," DuChaillu, Livingston, Stanley, Mungo Park, Marco Polo in Bayard Taylor's series of Travel and Adventure, lives of Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, Weems's life of Marion and of Washington, "Green Mountain Boys," "Swamp Steed," Powel's "Report on Exploration of the Colorado Canyon," a thriller; "Swallow Barn," "Nick o' the Woods," "Horseshoe Robinson," Ballentyne's boys' books, Oliver Optic, Harry Castlemon, Horatio Alger, Æsop's Fables with Jno. Tenniel's unforgettable illustrations; files of London *Punch*, files of *Harper's Monthly* magazine from 1853 forward with Porte Crayon's papers, Abbott's "Napoleon," etc., London *Graphic*, *Putnam's Magazine*, Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," "Wild Western Scenes," "The Bushrangers," Gaboriau's novels, "File No. 113," etc.; all of Scott, Dickens, Mayne Reid, Charles Reade, Capt. Marryatt, Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, Cooper, Dumas, "Tom Cringle's Log," "White Jacket," "Two Years Before the Mast," "Adventures of Reuben Davidger," "The Knickerbocker History of New York," "Sleepy Hollow Tales," the books of Noah Brooks, J. T. Trowbridge, Louisa M. Alcott, "Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Robin Hood," "King Arthur's Round Table," Kane's "Artic Explorations," Knox's Travels in China and Japan," all of the Beadle's Dime Novels we could get our hands on, "Shorty," "Muldoon the Solid Man," "Frank Reade and His Steam Outfit," "Old Sleuth," "Jack Harkaway," "Dick Lightheart," "Golden Days," *Fireside Companion*, *Saturday Night*, sporting news in the New York *Police Gazette*, the publications of Tousey and Small, Gay & Fitzgerald, Frank Leslie's "Boys of America," "Annals of the Prize Ring," Little Classics, containing Poe's prose tales, tales of heroism, etc., the humorous works of Josh Billings and Petroleum V. Nasby, and the capital small-print stories in Howe's "History of Ohio," with a dash of Eugene Sue.

We read these, yes, and dozens more, just that way, hugger-mugger, rumble-tumble, without order or arrangement, and with no further intent than a boy's desire for information and amusement. We got both a-plenty: whether to our ultimate profit or not far be it from me to say in a world of battling opinions.

We read all and everything that we could beg, borrow, buy, or purloin; we never missed the daily paper.

No doubt when the last trump sounds and we all line up for that last once-over, some bright angel will say "You could have read to greater profit." Perhaps we might: perhaps we mightn't. The psychologists and sophisticates of today no doubt could have prepared a better course of reading for us; I doubt if they would have amused us more. And that was our purpose then. That was a dark age.

Anne Lyon Haight

SHOULD older children in this industrialized and sophisticated age read the same kind of (or perhaps the same) books as adults are reading?

This question has been a vital one for centuries and its origin can be traced as far back as the history of printing itself. Caxton printed a book of etiquette and morals for children, and deWorde,"The Wise Child of Three Year Old," who could answer the terrible question of "*sage enfant*, how is the sky made?" These books bored them, and as children refuse to be bored they turned to those first books printed for their elders, "Robin Hood," "Le Morte d'Arture," and Æsop's Fables. Living in a world of their own, as children do, they found in these books the romance, adventure, folklore, and myth that absorbed and interested them, and the more serious deeper meanings of allegory or satire failed to trouble them. Even as late as the seventeenth century the books intended for children consisted almost exclusively of morals, manners, etiquette, and education, and it is amusing to know that Milton raised his voice in protest at this meager fare. But again the children refused to be bored and turned for amusement to the horrors of the chapbooks, penny plain

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and tuppence colored, considered by John Fox, author of the "Marters," to be "dangerous and insidious literature for the corruption of the young." It was not until the end of the century when Perrault wrote his "Fairy Tales" that we find books written definitely for the amusement of children. In these stories they found those things which they themselves had read into and dug out of the adult books. From these early tales has grown the extensive literature for children to-day, and perhaps it is significant that even though they have so many books of their own now they still continue to read grown-up ones, and our problem in this sophisticated age is just as troublesome.

There are three classes of books not written for them which children read the most.

First—the classics, some of which they will never read if they do not when they are young, such as the novels of Sir Walter Scott. There seems to be a period when their romance appeals very strongly. The same thing applies to the stories of James Fenimore Cooper, and after the first chapters have been mastered the adventure becomes thrilling.

Second, are the books about what is happening in the world to-day. Lindbergh's "We," Count Luckner's "Sea Devil," the romantic science of Will Beebe, Commander Ellsberg's "On the Bottom," and so forth.

Another class is the type of literature that is enjoyed by all ages at all times. "The Foxhunting Man," by Siegfried Sassoon, "Drums," by James Boyd, "Ghand the Hunter," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, the works of Kipling, Stevenson, and Barrie.

These three classes have definite value to the child. They supplement the imaginative and narrative literature of their own and by broadening the child's interest provide an important foundation for intelligent development into maturity.

Quite obviously there are also types of adult books that are not suitable for children. Books treating of abnormalities, of very controversial subjects, and of unpleasant situations are not going to help in their development, for their minds and experience of life are not such that they can form judgments of what we call "new ideas" that are diametrically opposed to every idea that they have been brought up to believe in. However, I am still old-fashioned enough to believe that children will not concern themselves with these books if they are surrounded by the right kind.

There have never been as many excellent books to choose from as now. Notwithstanding the wide selection of today, children are going to continue reading what interests them whether it be juvenile or adult fiction and I really do not believe that the industrialization and sophistication of the age will change the situation, but the improvement in modern books written expressly for children may.

Anne Carroll Moore

WHAT is a balanced ration in children's reading?

Who shall say without knowing a great many books and something of the natural taste and inclination of the individual child in question? What is meat and drink to one may lead to mental starvation, stagnation, or complete boredom with books to another.

Children read for one of two reasons, for sheer enjoyment, or to find out things they want to know from books about animals or humans, mechanics or aviation. Any balanced ration must take into account the full nourishment of the imagination and the steady assimilation of accurate factual information by growing, changing minds. It is precisely this element of growth and change, the abandonment, temporary or permanent, of earlier choices, the reaching out for something new and strange, for something mysterious, unwisely forbidden it may be, the rejection of well-intentioned but poorly timed advice about books somebody else has read, that makes the provision of reading rations for one's own children or the children of a great city so incomparably difficult and so unendingly delightful an experience.

Difficult because one must keep abreast of what is going on in the world without losing one's grip on the timeless satisfaction to be found in books which are perennial in their appeal, delightful because one relives one's own youth in another century and with the constant reminder that literature is still going on. The realities of today were the marvels, the undiscovered countries, of the '90's when my work with children in the Pratt Institute Free Library began. Theories concerning children's reading were as plentiful then as now, books were fewer in number and, on informational subjects, immeasurably poorer in quality.

How much fewer they were a single instance brings poignantly to my mind by the remarkable photographs of "Animals Looking At You" (The Viking Press), a translation from the German of the keen observations and comments of an animal lover which would have held the boys big and little of my children's room spellbound while I read or told what I had found in the book. For lack of such a book as this, for lack of any of the present day variety of books about animals, I ransacked natural histories and popular magazines and wrote out readable accounts of the animals included in an exhibition of pictures arranged in family groups. And to whom did I turn for encouragement in this undertaking but to the man who of all men I had then met knew most about animals—the man who had just come to organize and direct the New York Zoölogical Park—Dr. William T. Hornaday, whose own writings and encouragement of others have contributed richly to a field of very great significance in this matter of balanced rations in children's reading? More intimate personal acquaintance with the animals of nursery rhyme, folk lore and fable and those of the Jungle and the Zoo is both clarifying and stimulating to children or grown ups. As a child I did not like books about animals. As a librarian seeking to understand and develop a variety of reading tastes by children (among them a taste for Kipling's "Jungle Book" for which it was then necessary to read aloud to persuade children to take it home) found it absolutely essential to know more about animals and I gradually acquired a new taste which proved an open sesame to other doors.

I think the crux of the whole matter is this,—that the better one comes to know children and the books they are reading, and like to read, the less evident becomes the need of the measuring rod and the clearer the more elusive flash of divination which has ever been the way of passing on the book one has loved or has learned from to another. Next to the joy of discovery for one's self, to which I would always yield first place, is the joy of sharing what one has actually experienced for one's self. Children respect actual knowledge of books and their relative values when honestly stated.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

"SHOULD older children in this industrialized and sophisticated age read the same kind of (or perhaps the same) books as adults are reading?"

That depends largely on what the adults are reading. I am, however, all in favor of children from the age of thirteen on being given a free run of a good library, particularly if they have in the family people who, besides reading merely modern books, can join with their children in discussing the old classics and give them a taste and an appreciation of good literature.

Much that I read as a child was due to the fact that I had a young aunt who had enthusiasms and loved to talk about them, and I still read certain things with the old comments and discussions ringing in my ears. If this is done with modern books also, I do not think that young people will suffer from reading them, even if certain problems are presented to them at a rather immature age.

The great thing for the children of today is to form the tabit of reading, so that they may escape sometimes from their surroundings into different ages and different moods.

Louise H. Seaman

I HAD not realized that myth, romance, and sentiment were "characteristics of the best children's books, as the Editors of *The Saturday Review* imply. I wonder if they are. The modern feeling against so-called "fairy tales" would be ignorant if it included all epics and folk lore. The great myths of the world hold embedded its greatest hero stories. Is Odysseus really so far away from our real world? Is Herakles quite alien to our daily struggles? Is Finn McCool so completely a dream hero? The question asks too many questions in one. But as to mythology, I think anyone who rules out tellings of the Greek legends as done by Padraic Colum, of the Irish as done by James Stephens, of the Bible as in the King James and the Moulton arrangements, of King Arthur as in Howard Pyle or Malory arranged by Pollard—well, he is ruling out the bases of all literary understanding. Children "fall for" such reading at different ages. Suppose these lost worlds do, for a while, become very real to them? Suppose for some days, weeks, months, a year, they wear armor, shout ringing heroic phrases, dream of goddesses and dragons? Is this so different from adult

(*Continued on page 433*)

The Books of My Childhood

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

MY mother has often told me that one day, when I was about four years old, she found me lying on the floor with a book before me, turning the pages carefully, and reciting the ballad of "Fair Annie of Lochroyan." On being interrogated, I said I was "reading." I have been reading ever since.

I have the volume now, its bright blue cover dimmed to gray; "Thalatta," a volume of sea poems, compiled by the Reverend Samuel Longfellow (brother of the poet) and someone else; an excellent collection, which has been a lifelong friend to me. It contained other ballads, too: "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Inchcape Rock," and Charles Mackay's splendid "Sea King's Burial," which I do not find in modern anthologies. Ballads, old and new, have always been among the "chief of my diet." I could never get enough of them; so was it when I was a babe, so it is now I am a grandame. My mother, Julia Ward Howe, began it, I suspect, as she began most of my reading for me (except what I owe to my father, of which anon). It was she, of course, who repeated "Fair Annie" to me till it was my own; and "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor," sung in her silver voice, antedated even that. I may or may not be forgiven for quoting Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun's "very wise man," who said that "could he make the ballads of a nation, he would not care who made the laws."

In the 'fifties we were not smothered, as we are to-day, in "Children's Books." I had "Aunt Effie's Rhymes," that clear, delicious little spring, from which anthologists have been dipping crystal draughts ever since. If I ever knew who "Aunt Effie" was, I forget now, but the blessing of a whole generation of children must attend her.

I had Grimm, of course, and Hans Andersen, and knew them by heart; and "Merry Tales for Little Folks," a notable volume, edited by Madame de Chatelain; and "The King of the Golden River," a lifelong joy, one of the most precious of all children's books. Then there were "The Rose and the Ring," and "The London Doll" and "The Country Doll," and Miss Alcott's dear "Flower Fables," of which she was ashamed, she told me, in later life, but which I loved dearly. And "Tales from Catland," greatly beloved; and "Holiday House," ever delightful, and reprinted, I am happy to say, of late years; and, oh! "Rainbows for Children," and Mayne Reid!

Of course, we had the "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales"; I cannot remember when we did not have them; but I did not stop there with Hawthorne. I delighted in "Twice-Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse." These I read over and over, till I knew them almost by heart. "Howe's Masquerade," "Rappaccini's Daughter" (most terrible of all), "Lady Eleanor's Mantle," "The Great Carbuncle."

And these bring me to Irving, to the "Tales of the Alhambra," and "Wolfert's Roost," and "The Sketch-Book." "The love of lovely words" has always been strong in me; the very title, "The Adelantado of the Seven Cities," brings a thrill even to-day.

I cannot tell when I began upon Scott and Dickens; they, with the Bible and Shakespeare, seem in memory a kind of foundation for everything else. I fancy my parents read them aloud to us all, beginning with my elder sisters; I probably listened and assimilated more than I knew at the time. There is a deep familiarity that seems to come from the beginning of things, as with "Mother Goose" and Lear's "Nonsense Book." My father was our chief exponent of Scott and Dickens. He read, in half hours snatched from the service of humanity, and we listened, never supposing he had anything more important to do. No "simplified editions" (*horresco referens*) for the Howe children. The splendid sentences rolled out as they were written, in the deep, melodious, unforgettable voice. If we did not understand every word, what did it matter? We heard the sound, the glory of them; the meaning could wait.

"Thy words, O Nazarene, might create anger, did not thy ignorance raise compassion."

Could any child fail to thrill over those magic pages of the "Talisman"?

But our parents were the two busiest people in the world; many books, of course, we had to find for ourselves. There were plenty of them; they reached appealing hands—titles, to be exact—from every shelf, in every room. I had a bowing acquaintance with the Great in all languages, living and dead. My mother's German philosophers, Kant, Hegel, Spinoza—how familiar were their backs! I could not read them, any more than I could read "Nowy Slownik," a Polish work in many volumes, but they were friends, somehow, as were the Greek and Latin classics, and the *Théatre Française*.

Other book-sanctuaries I did in some sort penetrate, owing to their illustrations. My first glimpse of Homer (*pace* John Keats) was not through Chapman, but through Flaxman's illustrations, which brought Homer alive to me at an early age. The same kindly Norseman led me through Dante, with horrified fascination. I know exactly what the Seventh Hell looked like. N.B. These volumes, splendid quartos rich with vellum and gilding, with superb print and margins, were stolen by a drunken gardener, and sold, one supposed, for drink. It seems a pity; I have seen no Dantes like them.

Perhaps Shakespeare, too, may have come to me in this way. Certainly among my earliest memories are those of the great folio copy of Boydell's "Illustrations of Shakespeare," bound in diamond calf, over which I would hang—it seems now—for hours together. I am very sure that I was intimate with Jack Falstaff before I ever read a word about him, and with Sir Joshua Reynolds's exquisite Puck, and with all that goodly company.

Hogarth's terrible folios, too, were painfully familiar, and there was a dreadful volume on smallpox, with life-size colored plates showing every stage of the disease. Horrid, morbid little girl! I would open it and shut it, and run away—and come back!

(The big purple morocco Bible had no pictures, which had in some ways its advantages. I somehow think of my father reading that; but it was my mother who sang the hymns, and all the songs in the world, in all languages.)

In the same way I made friends with Thackeray. His own and Richard Doyle's delightful pictures introduced me to the Newcomes and Pendennis and the rest, but I have Mr. Doyle alone to thank for "Brown, Jones and Robinson," a precious volume, which taught me much about foreign parts.

I may here note that when in later years I came to seek the friendship of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, while his bright purple sides surprised me, his sober faded gray back was as familiar as possible.

The first novel I read to myself was "John Halifax." I am sorry to say I find John dull now, but then I enjoyed him greatly. And there was "Jane Eyre," which some of my schoolmates were not allowed to read.

But all this written, and little or nothing said about poetry other than ballads! I would rather read poetry than eat my dinner any day. It has been so all my life. Coventry Patmore's admirable "Children's Garland" and "Thalatta" were my first anthologies; Mrs. Browning, Whittier, and Tennyson, my first individual poets. I cannot have been more than eight or ten when, as I have described in my "When I Was Your Age," it was my delight to go and read to an old blind woman, in the workshop of the Perkins Institution (then at South Boston), the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and other highly romantic ballads of the Lady of Casa Guidi. Poor old Margaret! I have often wondered what she made of it.

I was about thirteen when I came to Shelley and Coleridge, and new worlds opened about me. A friend of my father's, Mr. Horatio Woodman, read "Christabel" to me. I can remember jumping up in my excitement, and walking up and down the room, as the magic lines sang in my ears. I was a great girl of sixteen before I discovered Browning, and for some years I walked hand in hand with him and Rossetti—and always Shelley. I was late with Keats, I cannot imagine why.

But what says Capt. Corcoran?

Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that forever!

I am already overrunning the allotted space.

My general idea, as I look back through the long years, seems to have been, "if you see a book, read it, especially if it is poetry!" My education would seem to stand on a solid (!) foundation of fairy stories, romance, and poetry, with more or less history tucked in here and there by way of mortar.

Alas! and pondering these things, I seem to hear the kind voice of my good brother-in-law, the Learned Professor.

"My dear Laura," he says, "mathematics, chemistry, and physics are the tripod on which modern education stands."

Alas! But what a good time I had!

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THERE is one market in which we all hold stock that never falls, and that is the market whose shares are the memories of youthful joys. Neither bears nor bulls can shake one jot, to come at once to our point, the remembered delight of books read in early youth. What amused, yet tender, recollections their mere titles arouse; how readily reminiscence kindles to eagerness when chance injects them into the conversation. But we wonder—we wonder how many of the figures and episodes which once seemed so ineradicably fixed in our minds actually remained as sharply limned as we believe. Would we recognize now, if lifted from their context, the pictures which once were as familiar as the faces of our friends? Would you, we wonder? Try and see. The illustrations are numbered from one (1) to nine (9). Study these old favorites and send us a list of the books or stories from which these pictures have been taken. Number your selections to correspond with the numbers on the illustrations. To the first twenty-five (25) readers of *The Saturday Review* whose lists are correct we will send, free of charge, any juvenile book reviewed or advertised in this issue of the magazine, priced at three dollars ($3.00) or less. When you send in your list be sure to say what book you would like to have. Address the Juvenile Department of the *Saturday Review*.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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The Gossip Shop

THE middle of last month saw the opening of another Children's Bookshop in Manhattan. This one is sponsored by Mrs. Joan Whitney Payson and Mrs. Josephine Dodge Kimball and is located at 23 East 63rd Street. It will have beside current and standard juveniles a circulating library, etchings and color prints, and childrens' furniture. Mrs. Payson is the daughter of the late Payne Whitney. Her grandfather was John Hay, historian, statesman, and poet, so it is small wonder she cannot refrain from dabbling in matters literary. Her partner, Mrs. Kimball, has been associated in the past with the Harper Bookshop for Boys and Girls.

Speaking of Harper's late enterprise, we are delighted to discover that *The Round Table*, a broadside on juveniles which Pauline Sutorious Aird edited while in that Shop, is to be continued by her in connection with Marian Cutter's Childrens' Bookshop at 108 East 57th Street with which she joined forces last Spring. This sheet is one of the most compact and critically sound comments on children's reading we have come across and we shall look forward to receiving it often in the future though it is not promised monthly as heretofore.

Many other bookshops specializing in juvenilia will have the good fortune this season to hear readings and lectures by Rose Fyleman, who has just come over from England for this purpose. It would be impossible even to start mentioning the books that have flowed from Miss Fyleman's pen. We say pen because we are practically sure they do not flow from a typewriter,—not first draft in any case. Once we received a letter from Miss Fyleman and it was written by hand, which is the reason we speak thus authoritatively. At all events we hope to hear Miss Fyleman and since she began her career as a musician before she took to writing poems and prose for children we have an idea some songs might be thrown into her program for good measure.

From Helen Fish of the Stokes Company we learned that H. G. Wells wishes his American readers to understand that he has not gone over permanently to the ranks of writers for the very young. To be sure he did write and make pictures for "The Adventures of Tommy," but that was some years ago when he was convalescing from an illness at a friend's house. Having borrowed the paintbox of his host's little daughter it was only natural that he should have paid for the privilege with a book, and now it is only natural that the recipient of this treasured, privately-issued edition should have insisted upon sharing it with the general public. Incidentally, we were surprised and delighted to discover what a good illustrator Mr. Wells can be. Besides being droll and thoroughly in keeping with the humorous tale, the pictures have much charm of coloring and a lively sense of motion.

"Noisy Nora," a small book by Hugh Lofting, whose praises we sang in the Spring when it first appeared, continues to be hailed with joy by children and with thankfulness by their parents (since it subtly points out the disadvantages of bad table-manners). It has been passed on and approved by no less cosmopolitan a pair than Anne and Hope Bromfield, the young daughters of Louis, lately from Paris and at present of Long Island.

Peggy Bacon's "Ballad of Tangle Street" has also passed the censorship of Belinda and Sandy Brook, her son and daughter, who do not appear to object when she slips humorous caricatures of themselves into the pictures. And speaking of caricatures, we beg all readers to notice the delightful one Peggy Bacon has made of herself as the cigar store Indian girl in her panoramic view of Tangle Street. It was with great relish that we pointed this out to Louise Seaman of the Macmillan Company who had been too busy putting through the printing of the book to notice this fine point.

Mary Seaman, sister of Louise and illustrator of several childrens' books, was one of three women artists represented in an exhibition last month. Pamela Bianco, who is disproving the rule that child prodigies seldom continue to produce in maturity, has done a series of extraordinary drawings in color and black and white for Oscar Wilde's "Birthday of the Infanta," published by the Macmillan Company in a limited signed edition of vellum at five dollars, and in a less de luxe one at two dollars and twenty-five cents. The color printing is excellent and though Miss Bianco's conception of the little Spanish dwarf was something of a surprise to us, it is one of the most completely satisfactory book of the season to our way of thinking. The Bianco family have always had many pets and this year Mrs. Bianco has made a book all about them. It is written from the standpoint of the pets as individuals and has excellent discussions of care and characteristics. No household with any kind of pet, whether a guinea pig or a great dane, should be without it. The title is "All About Pets" and it is published by the Macmillan Company at two dollars.

"Made in America," by Susan Smith, so fascinated us that we carried off the department copy from Marion Fiery's desk at Knopf's before she could send one down to us. Here is the story of American antiques, or at least of some of the most famous types being collected today and accounts of the ones who made them. Thanks to this we can at last understand about Steigel glassware, Paul Revere silverware, and Duncan Phyfe furniture. Susan Smith writes with ease and knowledge and a humor that will beguile readers young or old. The pictures by Harrie Wood, especially the one of Queen Victoria looking at Venus rising from the sea with uplifted hands and disapproving eye is worth the two dollars which is the price of the book.

RACHEL FIELD.

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

From Wanda G'ag's "The Funny Thing"

Romance and Today

THE IVORY THRONE OF PERSIA. By DOROTHY COIT. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $3.

ARABIAN ROMANCES AND FOLK-TALES. By H. I. KATIBAH. Illustrated by W. M. BERGER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.

THREE AND THE MOON. By JACQUES DOREY. Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $3.50.

FOLK TALES OF BRITTANY. By ELSIE MASSON. Edited by AMENA PENDLETON. With drawings by THORNTON OAKLEY. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT

FRESH volumes of romance for young people are rare in these industrial days. Although practicality is necessary to modern living, a just balance must be maintained between the practical and the rich things of the inner life. This may be provided for during the unfolding of a child's tastes and interests, while he is growing to maturity. The seeds of fancy sowed in the child's fairy-land begin, when he is about twelve years old, to bud into the rose of romance, and to bloom in full when he nears his middle teens. This last is the period of idealism, of the poetic, chivalric interpretation of facts; all of which later may fruit into high-minded realism and action. So it is that parents and educators welcome books of romance. And here are four volumes at once, tales from sources Persian, Arabian, Syrian, Norman, Provençal, and Breton.

Children themselves have aided their teachers to produce "The Ivory Throne of Persia." The stories, based by Miss Coit on the national epic of Persia," The Sháhnáma" ("The Book of Kings"), by Firdausi, are illustrated by the pupils of the Children's School of Acting and Design of New York City. The children have most happily caught the tapestry-like effect of the Persian Art Miniatures. The stories are adapted for story telling, dramatically, brightly. They move quickly, trippingly, in child-fashion. They are very pleasing wonder tales. But though their themes are taken from the "Sháhnáma," they bear no resemblance to that great epic of the fire worshipping Kings of ancient Persia.

Oriental romances and epics are not child-like. They were not written for children. They are the products of sophisticated, imaginative peoples, who believed—and many of them still believe—in the actuality of the wonders described. Gravity, not brisk lightness, is an essential quality of Oriental narrative, even when slyly humorous. The spirit of hurry is an anomaly, and dignity is intrinsic. Whenever a famous Oriental romance or epic is offered in English to our children, as literature, it should exhale the atmosphere of the East. If it is interpreted in terms of the Occident, it ceases to be Oriental. The epic of Abú'l Kásim (Firdausi the Paradise One) was written by him with the pen of sorrow and disappointment, but with reverence for the history of this country and the heroism of its mighty men. He drew his themes from ancient records. Kindled at the flames of his wisdom and genius they glow as one in his rich masterpiece. During thirty years and more he labored composing and perfecting 60,000 couplets. "What in this world can be," wrote he, "more excellent than noble words? Men call down blessings on them, men both great and small."

With this in mind we open the next volume of Eastern tales. Mr. Katibah has assembled "Arabian Romances and Folk Tales," gathering them from their home lands, for Mr. Katibah, though partly American-bred, is a Syrian. He dedicates his book to: "The townfolks of Kalamoon (Syria), wherever people gather around the caldron telling tales as they wait for the wheat to boil." The young reader, specially the boy, who has passed through "The Arabian Nights," will find repeated delight in these tales of modern Oriental flavor, tales romantic, historical, legendary, with multi-colored backgrounds of the Syrian countryside, Egyptian cities, and the Arabian desert. They are distinctive and convincing, these stories, and evidently were not written for young people only. The tired business man, reading them on an evening, through the magic of his smoke-wreaths may journey to tinkling camel-bells across the thirsty Arabian desert and see rising, like a mirage, the dream city of Iram on its rosy pillars only to sink again into the golden sands. Then he may sorrow with little Syrian Jamilah's real sorrows, or chuckle over the rule for getting up early and the judicial judgment of Karakoush. Mr. Berger has contributed colored Oriental illustrations, but the book-cover is rather too plain to allure youth.

From the Orient to the romantic coast of France! Through the pure blue cover of this large handsome volume, with its striking outside jacket, we enter Brittany, Normandy, and Provence. The spirits of a composite people animate these tales, Celts of Brittany with Druid magic; the Northmen of Normandy with battle-scarred gods; wonder working saints, and a medieval satirist. Stories they are of Ivon the Twisted who lost his hump to the demons of the Druid plains; of the Breton Tyrant, the terrible Comorre; of Michael Martin who through clever trickery grew great; of Renard the Fox, "the master cheat and rogue," and a romance of King Arthur's knights. Mr. Dorey had cast the orginal themes into literary mold. The charm lies in his wording, dreamy and poetic, and as rich as honey from high-bred garden bees. But to most young readers the action may seem smothered in excess of sweetness. The illustrations of Mr. Artzybasheff, striking and artistic as they are with their tatar-like fierceness, do not interpret the folk-fancies of the west of Europe.

Mr. Thornton Oakley, on the other hand, has studied the manners, costumes, and local color of Brittany, and his pictures for "Folk Tales of Brittany" are romantic and pleasing. Through his silvery gray cover with delicate design in blue, we step into the land of fairy forests and of the Castle of *Barbe-Bleue*. Collected and compiled by Madame Elsie Masson of Brittany, these folk tales sing, sigh, or laugh. They come from the jagged coasts or foaming waters, from the melancholy Druid stones, from the happy cottages and farms. Tales of wonder, magic, and humor. Only three are duplicated in "Three and the Moon." We wish, however, that the story of the savage Comorre who killed his wives but one, did not open this really delightful book of tales. A collection of Breton folk tales, of course, would not be complete without a version of the Blue Beard legend.

Madame Masson is French, but she has composed her stories in English. Her best medium, naturally is her native tongue. The task of Miss Amena Pendleton has been chiefly to clarify Madame Masson's involved style, turning it into graceful, simple English suited to folk tales. Miss Pendleton's residence at different times in France and her translations of French child-classics have fitted her well to edit sympathetically the folk lore of Britany. And we find here new material for the story teller, as well as romance and legend that will give the young reader intimate glimpses of the Breton folk and land.

These four volumes suggest an important problem in selecting stories. The ethical content cannot be overlooked. Success by lying and cheating is not tolerated in stories for the little ones. And in the best books for the older boys and girls human nature has more play and intricate points of honor may enter, but life is presented truly and wrong is never eulogized. Of the four books here reviewed, "The Ivory Throne of Persia" is the most ethical; "Three and the Moon" is weak, as its contents shows; and the remaining two volumes have comparatively few sentences to criticize when judged by this educational standard.

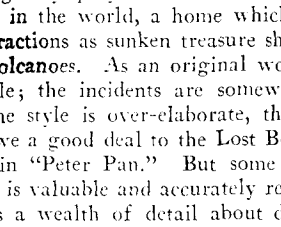

Illustration from "Three and the Moon"

Sundry Lands

By KATHARINE WARD SEITZ

ONE of the miracles wrought by the new methods in education is the changed attitude on the part of teacher and pupil towards geography. Once the most unloved and unlovely of subjects, it has become one of the most significant and stimulating. Here is a group of books which ought to be of some use in enlarging the horizons of the child, in giving him glimpses of the seas and the mountains and the cities which are his heritage.

"The Three White Cats of Avignon"[1] is a pleasant little volume designed for children up to ten years. It tells of René, a little French boy, and his three pets whom he conducts on carefully planned tours through his famous city. While, from the literary point of view, it is perhaps too much of a glorified guide-book, it yet offers information and entertainment in fairly just proportions. The print and illustrations are good.

"The Little Spotted Seal"[2] is a fanciful tale which has the Hawaiian Islands as starting point. Three children with the spotted seal to guide them visit the deep-sea home of the imaginary playmates of all the other children in the world, a home which offers such attractions as sunken treasure ships and active volcanoes. As an original work it is negligible; the incidents are somewhat obvious, the style is over-elaborate, the characters owe a good deal to the Lost Boys and Wendy in "Peter Pan." But some of the material is valuable and accurately recorded. There is a wealth of detail about deep-sea flora and fauna. The description of the encounter between an octopus and two of the children is painstaking and vivid, and the "burning mountain" very clearly realized.

"The Jungle Meeting-Pool"[3] is a collection of folk tales native to Borneo. As the animals themselves say of the stories they tell at their meeting place, these legends have "nothing whatever to do" with the framework of the book, which concerns the White Man's destruction of the jungle, but they are good in themselves, familiar, some of them, in other guises, and full of the ease and vigor of folk-lore.

"Noah's Grandchildren"[4] takes us to visit the Georgians of the Trans-Caucasus. The material here is of the greatest interest, and is very faithfully and skilfully presented. We attend the great New Year celebration, and learn how to make the "Beard of St. Basil." We watch the tending of the silk-worms and discover something of their habits and necessities. We find that hawking is not a lost art, we hear some of the native stories. While perhaps a trifle overloaded with information and detail, this is a stimulating and successful book, well written, well printed, and well illustrated.

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[1] THREE WHITE CATS OF AVIGNON. By ANNA BEID STEWART. Illustrated by ROBERT JOYCE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929.

[2] THE LITTLE SPOTTED SEAL. By SOL. N. SHERIDAN. Illustrated by MAHLON BLAINE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.50.

[3] THE JUNGLE MEETING-POOL. By MERWYN SKIPPER. Illustrated by R. W. COULTER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $1.50.

[4] NOAH'S GRANDCHILDREN. By JULIA C. CHEVALIER. Illustrated by W. C. TROUT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

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Annals of Americans

By Royal J. Davis

THE constantly swelling tide of biographical writing is apparently sweeping children as well as their elders into its vortex. Disguised as fiction, or presented as straight chronicle, the annals of the great and the lowly alike of bygone years are coming in for description. The America of the past, for instance, lives again in a batch of volumes of which the present season has seen the publication.

One of the most important of these new offerings for boys is Helen Nicolay's "Andrew Jackson, the Fighting President."[1] Written in the dignified, but animated, style which puts her other juvenile biographies into favorable contrast with much that is published for young readers, this account of the fiery Andy is a worthy companion to its predecessors from the same hand. Miss Nicolay pays her readers the compliment of taking it for granted that they desire something more than a colorful panorama. So she briefly sets forth causes as well as consequences, her fairmindedness leading her to give both sides of a dispute, no matter where the hero of her narrative stands in reference to it. Many an older reader, also, will enjoy her life of Jackson.

How an imaginary drummer boy did his bit to bring about the capture of Stony Point in one of the most stirring incidents of the Revolutionary War is set forth with characteristic liveliness by Reginald Wright Kauffman in "Mad Anthony's Drummer."[2] While the main object of the book is obviously nothing more than that of seizing and holding the attention of the youthful lover of adventure, its perusal will stir his patriotic spirit and give him renewed ap-

preciation of the cost at which American independence was won. Jean Lafitte, outlaw king and prince of privateersmen—who could ask for a more gallant villain-hero? Certainly not any reader of Rupert Sargent Holland's "The Pirate of the Gulf,"[3] with its pictures of surprise attacks and rapier duels, temptations to treachery and fearless facing of danger. There is little actual history in this romantic narrative of the adventures of a Boston lad who found his visit to New Orleans much more exciting than he could have expected, but toward the end he joins Jackson's forces in company with Lafitte and takes part in the battle of New Orleans.

Biography for children is, likewise, enriched by a life of William Penn written by Mary Hazelton Wade and entitled, with both originality and appropriateness, "The Boy Who Dared."[4] In its pages lives again the youthful aristocrat who, won to the simplicity of the Quakers and their declaration of religious freedom, maintained his faith

[1] ANDREW JACKSON, THE FIGHTING PRESIDENT. By Helen Nicolay. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $2.

[2] MAD ANTHONY'S DRUMMER. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $2.

[3] THE PIRATE OF THE GULF. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1929. $2.

[4] THE BOY WHO DARED. By Mary Hazelton Wade. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $1.75.

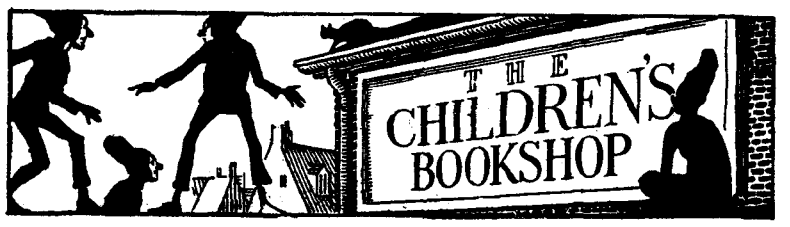
[5] MADE IN AMERICA. By Susan Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.

[6] GOLD! By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith. 1929. $2.50.

[7] THE BOY CAPTIVE OF OLD DEERFIELD. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $2.

[8] GILES OF THE MAYFLOWER. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $1.50.

[9] A GIRL FROM LONDON. By Rachel M. Varble. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $2.



in spite of his father's threat to disinherit him and of imprisonment. A thoroughly human figure he appears rather than a hero of romance, although there are heroism and romance in good measure in a career which reached its climax in the founding of a province in the New World for Penn's fellow Quakers and others who were persecuted because of their religious beliefs. The story is kept clear and graphic without use of sentimental devices.

Susan Smith's "Made in America,"[5] with numerous pictures by Harrie Wood, is a series of chapters on Americans who have contributed to the development of various arts. Vivaciously written, the little volume contains as much about the artists as about their art, and something, too, about conditions of life in their time and place, and about important historical happenings in which they figured. A chapter on "Baron" Stiegel and his glass-making is followed by one on Paul Revere, in which the Colonial patriot makes his immortal ride once more, but also turns out beautiful articles in gold, silver, and copper. The others presented are Duncan Phyfe as cabinetmaker, Thomas Jefferson as architect, Nathaniel Currier and James N. Ives as lithographers, and John Rogers as popular sculptor in plaster, these last three being dubbed historians because of the way in which their work reflects the fashions of their age.

In "Gold!"[6] Edwin L. Sabin has told—ostensibly for boys, but many girls will enjoy the book just as much—the story of the search for the modern golden fleece, conducted first by the Spaniards, who were lured by dazzling visions of rich mines in Mexico and Peru; later by the 'Forty-niners, and more recently by the adventurers in the Klondike. Montezuma, Cortes, El Dorado, Captain Sutter, Nome—it is a varied but always colorful panorama, filled with fascinating details. About half of the book is taken up with the quests of the Spaniards, a tale one is always sorry to finish. There is as much of excitement and suspense in these pages as in a detective story, with the addition of a substantial amount of history.

Historical novels—or rather stories—for children this season include a reprint of that classic Indian tale, "The Boy Captive of Old Deerfield,"[7] for which the author, Mary P. Wells Smith, now nearly ninety years old, has written a brief preface in which she expresses the hope that children of to-day, "amidst the whirl of luxury and gaiety of modern life," may be helped by the book to appreciate the hardships endured by our ancestors in their first attempt to settle the Connecticut valley. Doubtless the youthful readers of the volume will gain a sense of those hardships, but Mrs. Smith has made her story so fascinating a series of adventures that children cannot be blamed if they often lose sight of the hardships in their absorption in the happenings it relates.

Another new edition of a volume in which Indians abound is that of Ralph Henry Barbour's "Giles of the Mayflower."[8] Its scenes begin on board the Pilgrim vessel and hence the adventures it depicts have to do with a time eighty years before the Indian raid on Deerfield. Here appear those Indians, familiar to the schoolboy and the schoolgirl, Samoset with his English "Welcome!" and Massasoit, the friendly chief. Giles, the hero of the story, is first to sight land as the Mayflower approaches the stern and rockbound coast, and he later engages in an exciting struggle with an unfriendly Indian who attacks him and an Indian companion on their way to Massasoit. Captain Miles Standish and John Alden also figure in the narrative, but not in the way for which they are most famous.

Subtitled "A Romance of Old Virginia," Rachel M. Varble's "A Girl from London"[9] has its setting in Colonial Virginia in the days when feeling between the colonies and the mother country was becoming severely strained. This political tension is touched upon lightly, although significantly. The story tells what happened when Primrose Hampden of London, too fond of adventure for the peace of mind of her bachelor uncle, was sent to relatives in Virginia. There she was rewarded by opportunities for romantic activities such as even a foggy day in London could not surpass. In the course of them she encountered at an inn a distinguished looking Virginia gentleman who was of service to her and who turned out to be a very important personage.

"A Young Volunteer with Old Hickory,"[10] by George L. Knapp, takes us not to the battle of New Orleans, but to Jackson's campaigns against the Creek Indians. Davy Crockett and Sam Houston are among the actors in the drama, as are also some unhistorical but true-to-the-time characters which help to supply both incident and atmosphere. There is fighting enough to suit anybody, single fights and group fights in addition to the bloody battles. Something of the historical background also is given, although the larger questions of the war with the Creeks are not discussed. Jackson's conduct of the compaigns as presented follows the historical record, with, of course, invented incidents for the sake of the boy hero who is the central figure of the story.

Illustration from "The Chief of the Herd," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

Animals Wise and Foolish

By Anne H. Vance

THE charm and distinction of "Sally in Her Fur Coat" (Houghton Mifflin Co., $1.75) by Eliza Orne White, lies in the simple telling of a pleasant tale about friendly animals; in delightful verses with unexpected endings; in Lisl Hummel's black-and-whites, which serve as decoration for the pages rather than interpretation of the story; and in an attractive and colorful format.

Two orphan kittens without their mother,
In piteous plight were they,
A furry sister and her brother
In coats of tiger gray.

"The Book of Animal Tales" (Thomas Y. Crowell, $2.50. Illustrated in pen and ink and color by Honor C. Appleton), by Stephen Southwold, will be useful for the bedtime or sick-a-bed story, and diverting as random reading for older children. Somewhere in the six divisions of the book there's a story for every taste, pointed enough to hold the interest of the child, and short enough to let out, without loss of dignity, the busiest parent.

There is a certain lack of discrimination in the choice of stories that is unfortunate. As a well-known editor of children's stories Mr. Southwold should know what literary food as fit for the young; yet among the eighty stories here included there are some patently unsuitable. Perhaps it may be well for the child to know that myths and legends of different nations are not all alike. But in a story like "The Healing of Sagawa," from the Japanese, the culture is so primitive and the details so gruesome that its value for a child is doubtful. For the student of folklore—yes; but not for our very young. It was an unfortunate choice for the first story in the book. There are available tales of old Japan, which, while different in approach from our fairy tales, are quaint and of great interest, without the savage quality of "The Healing of Sagawa." Mr. Southwold has chosen such a one in "The Hare and the Badger"; and Chiyono Sugimoto in her "Picture Tales from the Japanese" has given us a charming bookful.

Animals that "come to live with man and be his friends" are the subject of twenty little two-page stories—the best part of the book. "Animals of the Wild," animals in literature and history, and tales of fabulous monsters, tales of magic and travellers' tales, and five stories about animals of the Bible complete the book. It is a pity that these stories could not be lessened by a third—the third that are savage tales, or without meaning or beauty. There's humor, vivacity, and sympathy—in short, good story telling,—in the remaining two-thirds. The illustrations are characterized by simplicity. Children will like them.

The eleemosynary Sergeant Giggles, ("Sergeant Giggles." By George Mitchell. Lippincott. $2. Illustrated by the author.), who became known throughout the jungle as the animals' best-beloved friend; Lassitude, "who wasn't as big a jackass as he looked," and Gratitude, the dog, are the queerly assorted trio who go their ungainly way through the printed pictured pages of this book. The Sergeant finds a cure-all for any beast that applies to him, whether it is Jenny the giraffe with sore throat and complications, i.e. a long neck, or Violet the full-sized hippopotamus who called upon him in pain and not in hunger, or Leo the Magnificent who was losing his hair and his wife's affection at one and the same time.

It is not inspired nonsense, but it will find readers if not a place in the ever-growing jungle literature.

Twistum toy animals are the subject of an unpretentious little book "Twistum Tales," by Esther M. Ames (illustrated by Arnold Long Hicks. McNally. $1.), done in large print and pictures alternately black-and-white and highly colored.

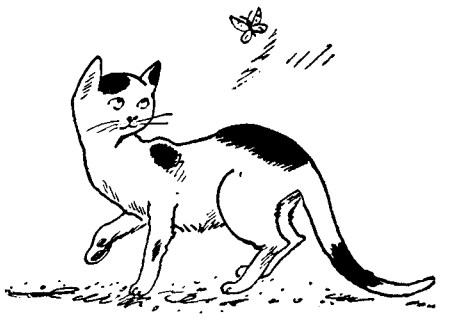
The reasonable price of the book makes it possible as a practice reader for little children.

"First-Aide to Santa Claus" (illustrated by Mary Ponton Gardner. McBride. $2.), by Hal Garrott, is a further fantastic tale of three adventurers, a companionable pig, a trusty bird, and a friendly boy. With cheerful inconsequentiality these three characters, and puppets, pirates, and Santa Claus appear in the *mise en scène* which is, at one time an ordinary school room, at another the good ship McGinty sailing through the Moonbeam Current to the Sea of Clouds, and at yet another a planet in the sky where Santa Claus makes his abode.

Pirates are always popular with small boys, and puppets are more and more so as children see them on the stage of Little Theaters or read one of the many new books about them and learn to make them.

Pictures and text of "The King's Christmas Pudding," by Grace Gilkison (Coward-McCann: $1.75) alike tell a story with the charm and naïveté that characterize Grace Gilkison.

A King, afflicted by the "trouble that overtakes all kings"—never to be surprised, obsessed with the fear that this Christmas will be just like any other Christmas, demands a new kind of Christmas pudding. Cooks, scullery boy, footman, and the most beautiful lady-in-waiting are not able to pull the king and themselves out of this dilemma, for creative thinking has become a lost art in the King's domain. "I can't think of a single new thing," moans the chef, and the plaint becomes a chorus. However, the situation becomes so grave—the King is seen actually wearing the same waistcoat two days in succession!—that even the palace denisons in feathers and fur realize steps must be taken. Summoned by Bon-bon the dog they "take counsel in the King's kitchen." The result is quite a new kind of pudding; a King delighted with the surprising confection and cheered by the unselfish devotion of his retainers, and a Merry Christmas for all.



From Peggy Bacon's "The Ballad of Tangle Street."

POODLE-OODLE OF DOODLE FARM. By Lawton and Ruth Mackall. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Stokes. 1929. $1.25.

This book, in spite of its somewhat fatuous title, tells a story which little children will find interesting and enjoyable. It presents the remarkable exploits of a circus dog which comes into the possession of Tom and Mary, who are visiting Uncle John and Aunt Mary of Doodle Farm.

Wonderful things do happen in this surprising world, and some of the most surprising and wonderful were furnished to Tom and Mary by this fairy-tale dog, who earned a better name than the one they gave him.

[10] A YOUNG VOLUNTEER WITH OLD HICKORY. By George L. Knapp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $2.

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A Sheaf of Picture Books

Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD

THE days of "A penny plain, tuppence colored" are over and done with, but it seems a pity that there are no more street criers to go about calling:—"*Fine picture books, done in richest scarlets, indigoes, and bright true greens, come buy my fine colored picture books!*" Certainly no year could have provided more variety in subject matter, or type of illustration, than this season's. Nowhere, I think, does the improvement and growing high standard of book-making for young readers, show itself more than in this particular line. As recently as five years ago there would be perhaps three picture books for little children that stood out with distinction from the ordinary output of the cheaply crude, sentimental, or dully instructive type. Now there are no less than a dozen or so of outstanding excellence and beauty, while even the poorer products of this field today are far above the earlier average. Color printing is expensive in this country and because American publishers must print large editions in order to make a picture book pay, there is more chance of inaccurate reproduction, bad overlapping, or dulling of color plates. It is often depressing to see an exhibit of some illustrator's original pictures and to compare them with those appearing on the book page. But persistent struggle on the part of artists and those in charge of art and manufacturing departments, as well as genuine response from the buying public have performed wonders of late.

Of the animal books "Tigers and Things" (Macmillan: $2) stands out as a particularly interesting and happy experiment. The pictures, and indeed the whole conception of the book, originated in the minds of Andy Kauffman and his little Sister Mary Barbara. Perhaps because they happen to be the children of a certain well known dramatic critic and his literary wife, or because, as Andy wrote to his publishers:—"Mary Barbara says this book is to teach three-year-olds all about animals, because of course we'd been to circuses and zoos and we'd studied animals a lot, so they were easy for us,"—they were able to carry out their picturesque character studies of animals so successfully. Certainly the book, reproduced as an exact duplicate of the notebook of gay and amazing beasts colored in by Andy's own lavish brush, has a vitality and infectiousness all its own. Here is a child's own first hand contribution, unspoiled, fortunately, by adult sentimentality or any attempt at exploitation. Equally spirited and vigorous, but in entirely different ways, are "The Runaway Sardine," by Emma L. Brock (Knopf: $2.), and "A Monkey Tale," by Hamilton Williamson, illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader (Doubleday, Doran, 75 cents). For the latter the Haders, already successful children's book artists, have contributed a number of simple, well-planned, and well-executed pictures of a small monkey's adventures in the jungle. The monkey himself has real personality and the color reproductions are remarkably fresh and effective for so inexpensive a book. Miss Brock's lively account, both in pictures and text, of the miraculous escape and doings of an independent sardine in a Breton fishing village, has already been hailed as the outstanding picture book of the year and a worthy successor to "Millions of Cats." It is certainly all that a little child's book should be, with a flavor and vigorous, rollicking humor too seldom found between bookcovers. More animals have been characterized in "Zoo Book," by Jimmy Garthwaite (Harper's: $1.50), each portrait being done with regard for anatomy as well as an excellent sense of design. A short prose description accompanies the pictures, and the printing and general format of the book are excellent. "The Adventures of Tommy" (Stokes: $2.) is more the story of a boy and a "very proud rich man," but there is an unusually nice elephant in it, too, and pictures as well as text have been made with considerable artistic skill and much relish by the none other than H. G. Wells himself. The Katie Kruse picture books, those realistically colored photographs of toys in action illustrating simple nursery stories, I have always found particularly irritating, and this latest addition to the series, "The Perfect Zoo" (McKay: $2.), is no exception although the text is better than usual since Eleanor Farjeon, the English poet and story writer, is responsible for it. I daresay I shall be told that children dote upon this sort of thing. It may be true, I do not attempt to deny it. I only continue to maintain that it is cheap and forced, both qualities which one would rather not hand over to children if one could help it.

Picture books with gaily patterned borders and quaint foreign designs have been increasingly popular abroad since the war, and their beautiful, colored pictures have been, I think, instrumental in raising our own standards of color printing. Honors in this special line should go to the Macmillan Company for two outstandingly attractive importations,—"A Forest Story" from Czechoslovakia and "Spin Top Spin," printed in Leipzig. They are as different from each other in style and subject matter as books can be, but they are equally captivating in their clear, sure colors and unspoiled naïvete. The former is brilliantly colored, primitive and peasant-like in its feeling, with scarlet toadstools and innumerable small, bright wood creatures moving through its pages. The other shows small children at play, plump little girls and boys in old-fashioned garments, executed in delicate pastel colors that never become wishy-washy or flat. They are pictures that would have cheered the heart of Kate Greenaway although they are in no way reminiscent of her own work. "Miki," by Maud and Miska Petersham (Doubleday, Doran: $2), also belongs in this class and deserves special mention because the book was printed here in this country and not imported in pages as in the case of the others. The Petershams, already well loved for their other picture books, have made a gay and altogether delightful volume about the surprising things a small American boy did and saw when he returned to visit his grandparents in Budapest. Undoubtedly this is the ideal way to acquaint young readers with geography and racial differences. "The Magic Flutes" (Longmans: $3.50) is also alive with color and action. Although it seems a little less successful than "The

Illustration from "Out of the Everywhere."

Forest Story" (both are similar in scheme and type of design) it is none the less gay and colorful, and should be in the childrens' room of every library.

"A Busy Day," written and illustrated by Beatrice Tobias (Dutton: $2.), should be much better than it is. The simple verses and pictures illustrate the small doings of a child's day and while this is not an especial novelty in the world of children's books, still, there is always room for one more that does this from a fresh, new artistic angle. Here there is less originality displayed. The color plates, too, are disappointing. Outlines are often slipped and blurred and colors less clear than the artist evidently intended. And the children depicted are neither realistically drawn nor quaintly conventionalized.

"Green Pipes," by J. Paget-Fredericks (Macmillan: $3.50), was another disappointment. It was unfortunate enough that the verses, supposedly meant to be such sympathetic excursions into the feelings and emotions of childhood, should be so evidently done to order and should sound like nothing so much as diluted De la Mare, but to have the full page pictures and decorations no better is deplorable. This is especially sad since the publishers have spared no pains on the make-up of the book. J. Paget-Fredericks is a self-conscious, mannered draughtsman with a gift for adopting certain special tricks of other and better artists. In "Green Pipes" his pictures show evidence of his having pored over Rackham, Beardsley, and Alastair far too assiduously. His children are outlined in flower-sprays; their hair is drawn with meticulous accuracy; if they are shown in canopied beds, every ruffle is over-elaborated. Throughout there is never a hint of the freedom or naturalness of childhood. Seldom, it seems to me, has there been a more outstanding example of trumped-up ingenuousness.

From the same publishing house, however, comes decidedly more attractive metal in Peggy Bacon's "The Ballad of Tangle Street" (Macmillan: $2.50). It is difficult not to begin writing many pages on the ballad itself, which seems to me like an American "John Gilpin" in its humor and contemporary recital of moods and manners of our time. As for the pictures, they are in Peggy Bacon's best and most genially-blighting manner,—than which those who know her work need hear no more. Those who do not know it should repair to the nearest bookshop and invest in "Tangle Street" ostensibly, perhaps, to present it to a child, but in reality to chuckle over it for weeks to come in restaurants, subway expresses, and other unlikely places, when some passing face reminds them of a humorous twist that this most pleasantly ruthless of American artists has given to just such another set of human features.

With the craze for antiques what it is at present, it is no wonder Dugald Stewart Walker felt he had found a treasure in the sampler wrought in 1790 by a little girl named Sally. Accordingly he has turned it into an alphabet picture book, making his own rather elaborate and intricate decorations for the words (such as W is for Whale, I is for Idler, Ice and Ink, etc.). "Sally's Alphabet" (Harcourt, Brace: $3.) is an offshoot of the past, rather than one which follows the old samplers in actual stiffness and charm. Mr. Walker's work is reminiscent of Walter Crane and his school and in this case the subject matter fits his work better than has sometimes been the case. Children will undoubtedly like his book for its old-fashioned lace-paper Valentine quality; the delicate colors and lettering are beautifully reproduced. But taken as a whole I cannot help feeling it lacks spirit and spontaneity. After all one might almost say that the final test of a child's book, whether regarded from the point of view of pictures or text, should be,—Is it sincere, and simple and unselfconscious?

Wanda G'ag has followed in the steps of her own last year's success "Millions of Cats" with "The Funny Thing." This is a pleasant, simply written little tale of a fantastic animal who devoured dolls until this unfortunate appetite was curbed, and as usual Miss G'ag has written, illustrated, and even hand-lettered the entire book. Once more we have a humor and a curious, grotesque charm that are highly individual. There is excellent technique here. Miss G'ag knows how to draw and while to us personally the designing of some of the double-page pictures seemed over conscious and mannered at times, still there is certainly no one else who can touch her in her own particular line. The publishers (Coward-McCann) have made it uniform in format with its predecessor.

Thrillers All

Reviewed by ROBERT L. ROE

IT is to be doubted whether Mr. Turnbull wrote his biography[1] of Commodore Porter for juvenile consumption for it treats seriously of subjects not ordinarily calculated to win a boy's interest. Such, for instance, as Porter's fight against the bureaucratic, inefficient administration of a century ago, when he fought for long guns and speed as opposed to carronades and weighty ships, thus proving his farsightedness, since to have the range and ability to outmanoeuvre enemy ships is the cry of the naval man of to-day. Despite this seriousness, "Commodore David Porter" is a thrilling book. What boy's breath will not come fast to read of fights with picaroons, pirates, and Barbary corsairs, encounters with ships of the line of His Britannic Majesty's ships, and French frigates (in our unofficial war with France early in the nineteenth century), imprisonment in Tripoli, when the American first lieutenant who was taken off the ill-fated *Philadelphia* defied the Dey.

Porter learned much from pirates, through fighting against them. He used this knowledge to aid him when in the 32-gun

Illustration from "A Buccaneer's Log," by C. M. Bennett.

Essex he raided the Pacific, destroying British shipping in the war of 1812 as Luckner raided the allied shipping a century later. He was a tactician, a scientist, a disciplinarian, and somewhat of a martinet, but it is as a dashing, intrepid officer (lieutenant at nineteen!) and an able commander that he wins our hearts, whether he be winning a battle over great odds against a picaroon in a Haitian bay or as an Admiral in the navy of the new Republic of Mexico, taking Spanish prizes from under the nose of the Spanish fleet. This is a picture not only of a man, but of an epoch when a naval captain was the monarch of a small state and not merely a marionette dancing to radio wires from Washington.

Whatever progress may have done for the world, it has certainly made individuality a rare and precious thing. Only when despatched on forlorn hopes, like Luckner in the World War, does it get a chance to assert itself, but that it is still with us is amply proven in Lowell Thomas's "The Sea Devil's Fo'c'sle,"[2] wherein he gives us that modern Porter in full-flavored, direct discourse, punctuated with explosive "By Joe's," which the Count uses to mean many things. This might have been called "From Castle to Forecastle," for the sea devil ran away from his father's castle to try the hard tack and hard usage of sailing ships. He makes the forecastle what it so rarely is in sea fiction, or sea fact, for that matter, a home, a place where men live who are members of an old honorable calling, although they are simple, childlike men, liking a good joke, a good drink, a good fight. . . . The Battle of Jutland is here described by Luckner as he saw it. Adventures in the South Seas and in our own country. Old sea legends retold. The humorous and sometimes pathetic strategems he employed to feed the cadets on the training ship which was to supply officers for the new German navy after Scapa Flow. Through it all Luckner stands out reckless, genial, simple, whimsical. That is fine stuff, by Joe!

"From Sandy Hook to 62,"[3] is the record, not of one man but of many—the New York and New Jersey Pilot's Associations. It is a chronicle of their growth and of their internal and external competition to be first aboard a ship when pilot boats ranged as far east as the sixty-second meridian. Mr. Russell tells in vivid and sometimes sparkling journalese the service done by pilot boats as privateers during the war of 1812; the havoc wrought by the blizzard of 1888, when twelve pilot boats were wrecked, and relates some hitherto unrecorded sea tales to be added to a tradition of great-hearted service growing out of a commercial venture. The pilots are real knights of the sea.

The fiction treated here is a good deal less interesting than the fact. "Through Sea and Sky"[4] is one of the those mystery stories based on the theft of the deadly Z-ray from the British Admiralty by a gang of international thieves called the Black Hand Rovers. Young Bob Crane and Wilmer Lorning help their friend Captain Harwood in the British super-flying boat *Gannet* set everything right, and win the thanks of the Lords of the Admiralty and a dinner from the Federation of Ship Owners. The story suffers from the inability of the crooks to do anything effectual.

Leonard Nason has titled his collection of three tales of the sea "The Incomplete Mariner."[5] The first of the stories, the tale of a young man who put out in one of his father's ships wearing an unauthorized naval officer's uniform and thereupon had terrific adventures with U-boats and secret service men, is, to my thinking, far less interesting than either of the other two, "Hunger," the tale of a boy who signed on a hell ship, or "Narrow Waters," in which a shrewd yankee skipper in a windbag outwits the German and British navies and brings his cargo safely to port. Mr. Nason knows how to spin a yarn, and his stories have the ring of authenticity.

[1] COMMODORE DAVID PORTER. By ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $3.50

[2] THE SEA DEVIL'S FO'C'SLE. By LOWELL THOMAS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

[3] FROM SANDY HOOK TO 62. By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $3.50.

[4] THROUGH SEA AND SKY. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1929. $1.75.

[5] THE INCOMPLETE MARINER. By LEONARD NASON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

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Stories of Foreign Lands

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

IF the prevalence of a certain type of book indicates a corresponding bent of mind in group consciousness, shall we not then feel that the large number of what might be called nationality-books in this fall's children's list indicates a mood of especially lively interest in other nations and a desire to interpret them and their background to our children? (And is this then one of the few good results [if there can be any such] of the World War? . . .) Not that the book about the foreign child is in itself a new type—it is one of the oldest and most popular. But this autumn seems to have produced an especially good group wherein a description of the foreign land is successfully carried to the reader through a story or a character, with an excellent balance maintained between narrative and atmosphere. Surely this type of book when well done will always have a special value for the American child, whose country is so far in every sense from the traditions of the older world, and who is only too apt to catch any spirit of national self-sufficiency that may be (and alas so often is) abroad in our land. It seems certain that both his practical and his imaginative geography will be broader and more suggestive of distance realities for reading these books and others like them. So up with our many-colored standards—French, Polish, Russian, Norwegian, and all the rest; and let us look for all we can find of life and lore in far-away places.

Inconsistently I shall begin with a book which might be catalogued otherwise than with this group among which I rank it the most distinguished. Autobiography should perhaps be set in a different category. Yet this very interesting and satisfying work achieves so completely the ideal in question (the truthfulness of the narrative being only an added value) that I shall include it here. Youël Mirza's[1] account of his childhood and boyhood in Persia is simple and dignified, too serious, perhaps, for children under twelve or thirteen, but full of charm and interest. The English is admirable—would that our native American writers could always reach the level of such a style. The scenes in the primitive family domicile and those among the Kurdistan rug sellers are perhaps the most unusual though every chapter has its own appeal. Youël takes his readers with him finally on his long, rough journey to the New World which has been calling him and of which we see first impressions through his eyes. He leaves us sure, however, that his heart has good reason always to be faithful to the more primitive scenes he first loved. The illustrations are not lavish in number but fully in the poetic spirit one senses in the author himself.

Slightest in size and for the youngest in age is the book I wish to mention next because it also (in spite of observing carefully the proper limitations for younger children) achieves almost perfectly a delightful combination of story with imaginative entertainment, and with a by-product of an informative background. (How satisfying when done, and how difficult, apparently, to do!) We are reading here in lighter vein, not to be compared with Youël's thoughtful Persian recollections, but Miss Coatsworth's[2] poetic insight has led her to a vivid appreciation of this highly-colored Moroccan land, and enabled her also to add the pleasing lyrics in which Ahmed frequently comments with abandon upon his fortunes good and evil. The author's humorous touch adds a last element to make this a most satisfying little book, which this reviewer, having traveled recently in the neighborhood of that vivid atmosphere, was able thoroughly to enjoy and appreciate. The illustrations fling themselves delightfully into the spirit of the story, with much fantastic and suggestive detail.

Again in lighter vein but with no attempt at fantasy or a poetic background, are two books of the type called "stories for girls," one set in Paris and the other following a tour through South Africa. The former, "Chestnut Court,"[3] will be found worth while and pleasant—for boys as well as girls. It follows the daily life of a group of oddly assorted people who have become friends by reason of their shabby but affectionate propinquity in an old, lost courtyard of Paris, where they all love the beauty of the great central chestnut tree and wait for the bettered fortunes which its protection is supposed to bring them. Of course it does all this and more. Readers will enjoy not only the mysteries of the plot and their solution but the fresh and lively style and the pleasant characterizations in old Paris.

The other book of the pair, "Sally in South Africa,"[4] is in much more conventional vein and a rather ordinary style. Its unusual South African setting and good travel descriptions, with the addition of an adequate though conventional mystery plot, would give it value if only it were written in English of more dignity or of some literary value. It is such a pity not to distinguish platitudes from crisp English, nor banalities from interesting situations. Here all is mixed, and the girl reader will have to discard much as valueless if she holds her standards high.

Step down a year or two in age from Sally and the lively French group, and travel far eastward to Russia and Siberia, and in "The Little Siberian"[5] will be found a story which, though superficial, does create some successful pictures of these vast lands. The plot, to be sure, is based on the ancient lost-and-recovered-child theme, with the exchanged-child mystery added unto it; yet it has some elements of interest. It is a pity, therefore, that here again the language is not of higher grade and more simple. The melodramatic descriptions of the first few pages tend to repel the reader, and he knows also that children seldom exclaim "For God's sake," in dramatic appeal. However, if he persists, he will fare better further on, though not at any time so well as the subject deserves.

A Norwegian and a Hungarian book will fall next into a pair as far as method is concerned,—not, of course, as to the mental pictures formed in reading them. Both, although in story form, follow a child's experiences not within a superimposed plot but through a natural year of his life. Olaf,[6] the little Norwegian boy, in a book small in scope but well made and written, lives for us in a simple and straightforward account of his wintry visit at a Norwegian fishing-station, and Andrus[7] through a description of his life on a Hungarian farm. The author of the latter is a Hungarian and therefore able to give a series of authentic pictures of life on this farm, centering them about the two children of the squire-owner's coachman. Hungarian customs are the feature of the episodes—especially the festivals that mark off the various periods of the year on the farm and in school. The lively illustrations keep the picturesque backgrounds vividly before the reader, and an artistic and very decorative whole is evolved.

Poland and Finland, it seems safe to say, are hazy in the minds of most American children,—something extremely far north but otherwise rather unfamiliar. "Under Two Eagles" and "Vaino" will leave them with clearer impressions, as well as offering them two interesting stories to enjoy. An ingenious plan has been followed in "Vaino,"[8] the Finnish volume. A thread of narrative concerning little Vaino and his mother follows so closely the story of Finland in parts of the World War that it will be of real informative value to young readers who are apt to know little of the relationships of that remote country. At the same time the imaginative legends of Finland are introduced as Fru Lundberg, knitting before the great stove, tells stories to Vaino. These make a quite different contribution, with their atmosphere of ancient lore and adventure. The two parallel parts of the book may, as the author suggests, be read either separately or together, but, the plan being cleverly managed, they form an interesting whole. The illustrations are not always up to the imaginative level suggested by the text.

Vasily, the little Polish hero of "Under

[1] MYSELF WHEN YOUNG. A Boy in Persia. By YOUËL B. MERZA. Illustrated by THEODORE NADEYEN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

[2] TOUTOU IN BONDAGE. By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH. Illustrated by THOMAS HANDFORTH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.

[3] CHESTNUT COURT. By MABEL L. TYRRELL. Illustrated by MARIE A. LAWSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $2.

[4] SALLY IN SOUTH AFRICA. By GULIELMA DAY ORR and HENRIETTE SCHIELE. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $1.75.

[5] THE LITTLE SIBERIAN. By L. A. CHARSKOYA. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $2.

[6] OLAF—LOFTEN FISHERMAN. By CONSTANCE WIEL SCHRAM. Translated by SIRI ANDREWS. Illustrated by MAJORIE BLACK. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $2.

[7] THE ADVENTURE OF ANDRUS. By ELIZABETH B. JACOBI. Illustrated by KATA BENEDIK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.

[8] VAINO. A Boy of New Finland. By JULIA DAVIS ADAMS. Illustrated by LEMPI OSTMAN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

(*Continued on page 406*)

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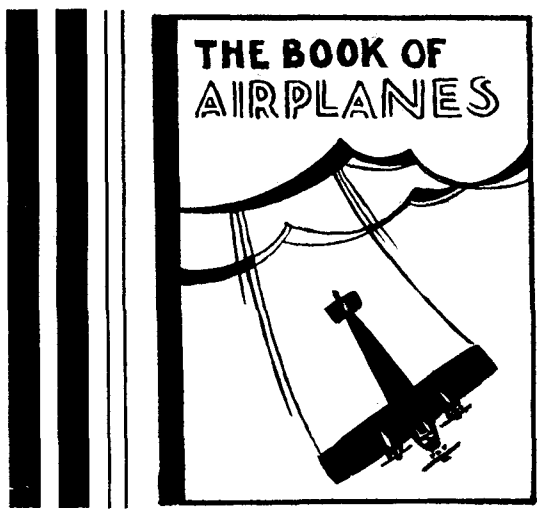

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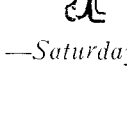

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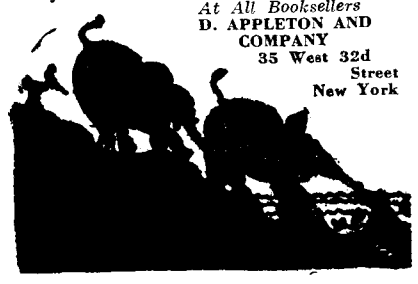

Indians, Real and Fictive

THE PUEBLO GIRL. By CORNELIA JAMES CANNON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. $2.

SKULL HEAD THE TERRIBLE. By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ. The same. $1.75.

Reviewed by ALTA B. APPLEGATE

THE title of Mrs. Cannon's book might suggest that her story is intended primarily to interest girls, but there is no doubt that boys will find it equally to their taste. The author has made herself familiar with the background of her tale and shows that she has studied to good purpose the customs and culture of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. The setting of the story is the peublo of Sia, which is still one of the living pueblos, and the time is that of the coming among the Pueblo Indians of the treasure-seeking Spaniards under Coronado in 1540.

Mrs. Cannon could not have chosen a more interesting period in which to place her narrative, and she has taken excellent advantage of it. She describes well the daily life of the Pueblo Indians and is thoroughly in sympathy with their culture. No one will make any mistake in putting this book into the hands of children, for it is not only a fascinating story, full of human interest and well written, but at the same time it gives information about a most interesting people, who still dwell in New Mexico and who still live much as did their ancestors in the time of Coronado. In this respect, "The Pueblo Girl" is different from the usual, rather innocuous stories about Indians written for children. It is enhanced by an easily followed and beautiful map and is finely illustrated by Olive Rush, the foremost woman artist in the Southwest.

Mr. Schultz's book has a blood-curdling title and contains a full measure of delicious shivers for boys of from ten to sixteen years of age who like to read Indian stories that tell of faint trails followed by means of inconspicuous signs and of Indians who "bite the dust." It is a story of Indian revenge and is true to type.

Skull Head is the satisfying villain of the plot. As a youth he had been mauled by a bear and had had most of his face torn away. This terrible disfigurement gave his head much the appearance of a living skull, and for that reason he was repellent to all other Indians, especially the women. This made him envious of all his fellow beings and a hater of all those more fortunate than himself. Gradually he became a secret killer of all men whom he could kill without being directly detected, so that he became detested and feared by all. One of his victims was the father of the hero, and the action and thrills of the story are supplied by the hero's tracking down and taking his revenge on Skull Head. The story is told in the first person, so the reader need have no fear for the safety of the hero.

The scene of the story is laid in what is now Glacier National Park, and the characters are all Indians. The author has spent much time with the Indians about whom he writes, and this is his twenty-fourth story about them.

MY HIKE. By AUGUSTO FLORES. G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1929. $1.75.

BOB NORTH WITH DOG TEAM AND INDIANS. By ROBERT CARVER NORTH. The same.

PUTNAM'S shelf of books for boys, written by the boys themselves and giving a true account of their adventures about the world, seems to this astounded reviewer to reach the very climax of juvenile enterprise in this narrative of a Boy Scout's walk from Buenos Aires to New York City. Augusto Flores calls it a hike. He was sixteen when he left the Argentine with four companions of school-boy age in July, 1926. Heaven knows how much older he must have been when he pulled into City Hall two years and three months later after his 10,000 miles on foot, after experiencing every vicissitude of jungle and desert and mountain-land and man's callousness. One of his comrades was drowned in a Bolivian river. Two thousand miles further on another boy died of snake-bite. "We couldn't cry any more. With a machete we dug a grave under a tree, a deep and narrow grave. We felt as though we had been digging graves all our lives." Somewhere south of Panama two others took fever and turned back. But young Flores, ill himself, kept on. He was taken prisoner by Sandino in Nicaragua. He was robbed repeatedly. In Mexico his precious photographs were taken. He subsisted by lecturing. Once this side of the Rio Grande he found a measure of understanding and hospitality. Surely this is one of the most remarkable trips ever taken.

Fortunately it is authenticated by papers signed by officials in each city through which Flores passed and has been checked up by newspapers, or it would seem unbelievable. But one fancies that a sure proof lies in the simple text itself. This is so modest and offers such an accumulated strength of detail, graphic or humorous or tragic, as to constitute the signature of veracity. Such determination, such courage, deserve much, and one hopes that this moving record will stir the hearts of many.

Bob North, who must be fifteen by now, is a veteran of trail and typewriter. This latest of his, a brief journal of a winter trip from Hudson on the Canadian National to Hudson Bay, brings back memories to this reviewer, who once set out behind dogs from the same place for the same Hudson's Bay Post at Lac Seul, with its moon-washed wilderness and possibly the same wolves. Therefore, the continuation of the trail into really adventurous territory holds a nostalgic fascination. Not many days out, the tent burned down. Then Bob and his father got off the course. They met with summer friends and finally reach Port Nelson on the Bay, ending an eight hundred mile trip under perilous conditions through a hungry land. The icy wind, the lonely jackpines, the cursing freighters, the anticipations of food, the chances for food, the taste of food —these things are thrown into Bob's pages along with bits of history, distances, the weather, trailing post pictures, to make a northern man homesick. Bob gets the humor, underrates the hardships, does not overvalue the goal. In short, the book, illustrated by twelve photos of Bob and twelve of the country, is a very interesting view of the Northland through young, discerning eyes.

Stories of Foreign Lands

(*Continued from page* 404)

Two Eagles,"[9] is not required to carry the World War upon his shoulders. He is just the center of a pleasant and interesting story of a real boy of today and his struggle from a somewhat vacillating and over-serious childhood through forced responsibilities into a busy and progressive life. His comrade Karol, carefree and mischievous vagabond, provides a contrasting type, and in the rest of the family group there is further excellent characterization—much more than usually appears in books of this type. Vasily's little sisters, his grandmother on her Polish farm, his uncle, his neighbors later on in America,—indeed, all who appear in the story—enter with the breath of reality and are living figures in an entertaining and wholesome tale. Present-day Poland, with its hopes and its successes, is carried to the reader through the story, and the whole is enlivened by decorations, one or two maps, and illustrations.

So we reach the last banner to be grasped —Albania's. To some readers this country will be the least familiar ground yet trodden, and to all this will be one of the most satisfying books. Intended for high school age, it is beautifully written in somewhat serious vein, describing the picturesque life and tribal customs of the Albanian mountaineers both in peace and in the wars which, with the nearness of their Slavic neighbors, seem always to be a threat. The story of Pran[10] and her family, her primitive home, her experiences when the village turns refugee, and all her brave adventures, ends in a love-match and betrothal which involve descriptions of quaint marriage customs. A vein of poetic feeling runs through the book, emphasized by retaining the natural flavor of the original language in the dialogue and by suggesting many of the mountain customs in the descriptive paragraphs:

"I am called Pran and this is Nikola, and this is Gjon. Our father is Ndrek, the son of Palok of Thethi. Today we have come to get fodder for our flocks to use this winter." Pran pointed to the great pile of branches they had gathered. "Glory to your arms and strength," said Nush. "You have done well." . . . The sun rose now over the eastern mountains. . . At first the strain and weight of the cradle bothered her, but soon her back, accustomed to heavy loads, grew used to it and she began to spin. Holding her distaff under her left arm she pulled at the white fluffy wool bound to it, and, twisting as she pulled, she spun the thread out, keeping her slim wooden spindle twirling as it hung from her right hand. She felt like Lukja, carrying a baby, spinning white wool.

There are one or two illustrations by the Petershams, of a nature to make the reader wish more had been provided. Let us hope that both this book and Mirza's will find their way to many of the "middle and older" shelves this winter.

[9] UNDER TWO EAGLES. By HELEN COALE CREW. Illustrated by HENRY C. PITZ. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $2.

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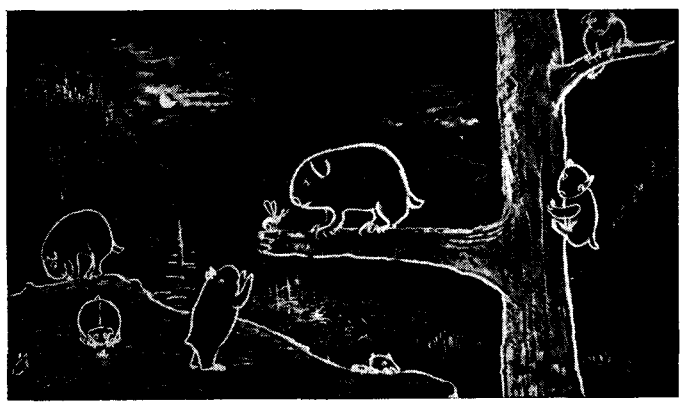

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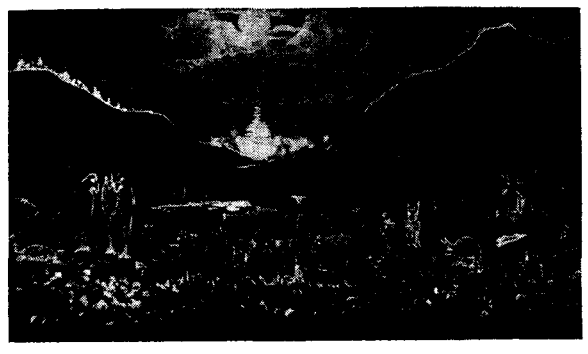

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

VACHEL LINDSAY'S introduction to his new volume of poems, "Every Soul is a Circus," is fresh and amusing. It is addressed to parents, as his latest book is addressed to "precocious children, twelve or fifty years of age." "I come roaring forth," he cries, "with a book which is the opposite of little Rollo and little Lucy." His attitude is agrressive, and when he talks as follows we could listen to him forever, for he knows something about children:

> I do not believe in simpering with twelve-year-olds as though they were two-year-olds, if they are by any means readers. Of course, I like to punish wicked and dull and annoying twelve-year-olds by simpering at them in conversation till it is a positive torture for them and they have to leave the room for keeps and all. But even bad children indulge in good jokes when they have left the room. Parents indulge in what they think are exquisite, high-minded jokes when the children have left the room. It is hard to tell who is the wittiest. Notice, if you have the self-control, when you are talking down to your progeny in a moment of excitement, and you pause for a reply they talk down to you. The joke is on you.

Following that, he goes into an account of "the special Spokane development of Poem Games." There is no music attendant upon these. For he says,

> Setting poetry to music, even the best music, is the destruction of poetry and the production of an amorphous and confused result.

With this we heartily agree. "The soloist improviser stands in the middle of the floor and the reader sits on the side lines." The dancing becomes "writing in the air." Lindsay had a hand "in a high-school freshman class in the dancing of poetry in the Lewis and Clark High School of Spokane. This was done with the help of Miss Edith Haight of the Physical Education staff, now head director of Physical Education, University of Wyoming, Laramie." Lindsay describes interestingly the stages the poem dancer goes through in gaining facility. The poem dance, of course, is something he originated some years ago. It has become with him almost an obsession. In the poems in this book he reiterates, as though in fear, and even in scorn, that his poems are not to be set "to musical notation." We have become accustomed, indeed, to read his poems as chants. There are chants in this book. But when we finish the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Book," and get to the poems themselves, we experience (at least in the case of this reviewer) a growing dis-ease. The first and title-poem in "Part One: Every Soul," begins with Barnum's Show and Jenny Lind (who furnishes the counterpoint as did "the cricket carolling" in "The Ghosts of the Buffaloes") with Buffalo Bill interrupting, and mammoths and mastodons out of "geology" and every manner of animal erupting all over it, and finally, "The Pontoon Bridge Miracle" above Michigan Avenue, Chicago. There is also the recurrence of this theme:

For every soul is a circus,
And every mind is a tent,
And every heart is a sawdust ring
Where the circling race is spent.

The poem does not satisfy us; it is too cluttered, too disorganized, it has not the direct drive of Lindsay's remarkable best of the old days. "It is to be read with a bardic and troubadour chanting according to the spelling of the words, the manner of Welsh preaching and praying to this day." We can conceive that we could possibly make it effective to ourselves if we read it aloud to ourselves in some such manner, though we have no Welsh. But it is most certain that visual contact with it does not awaken at once those rhythms in the brain that the best of Lindsay, received almost wholly through the eye, still awakens. The next poem, "A Christ Child Book," has Lindsay characteristics; yet we do not much care about it one way or the other; and the third, "Excuse Me if I Cry into My Handkerchief," we simply can make nothing of. It originally appeared as "Rigamarole, Rigamarole" in the Poetry Quartos published by Random House. We could not understand it then, except that it is about three Russian composers, one of whom, Psaffonoff, "was a scoundrel, a rounder and a bounder, and a violinist," all of whom were extremely melancholic and were thwarted in love by "a gold-haired Mehitable who could purr," and who went off with "a wop electrician." But what *could* have animated all this business? Certainly not inspiration! If it is satire it completely misses its mark because of its burlesque banality. Then follows a poem suggested as a poem-game, and therefore naturally containing a double repetition of almost every line. Facing it is quite a beautiful drawing by the chief decorator of the book, George M. Richards, an old friend of Lindsay's, to whom he pays tribute in his introduction. This poem as a dance might be very effective, but we must confess that we prefer Mr. Richards's picture.

The first poem after that in which we got interested is "What the Beach Hen Said when the Tide Came in," a nice, fanciful decoration in itself. After that, on page 36, "The Mohawk in the Sky" caught our attention because the line "There's a Mohawk in the sky!" used as a constant refrain, is rather effective. Also it is a "Beware!" poem. But when one hears, "And beware each Irish gnome," one has an earthquake of the countenance. We cannot think of the Irish that way—as gnomes.

"The Virginians Are Coming again," is probably the best poem in the book, save for one we shall mention later. And even at that, it is not the best Lindsay. "Babbitt, your tribe is passing away," he begins, but before he is through he has rubbed it into Babbitt so thoroughly that one is beginning to sympathize with that national symbol evoked by Sinclair Lewis. Also ejaculations such as

Bartenders were gnomes,
Foreigners, tyrants, hairy baboons,

seem discordant. We know several bartenders at the present time. They may be foreigners, but they are neither gnomes nor baboons—"but single men in barricks most remarkable like you." We like bartenders.

However, the gallantry of a dream of hard-riding, proud young Virginians, "cavalier boy beside cavalier girl," sweeping into a new millennium of romance over

Phonograph tunes, radio tunes,
Water-power tunes, gasoline tunes, dynamo tunes,
And pitiful souls like your pitiful tunes,
And crawling old insolence blocking the road,

rather engages our imagination, even as we realize that the younger generation is actually no more the "Virginians coming again" than all Babbitts are swine. Still, this is a spirited chant, and on the right side.

Lindsay has compared the moon to more things in the past than has any other poet we know of; his latest is to compare it to a Silver Grizzly, because he says, "Bears are always perilous. Bears are serious." We like that about bears. Then there are some wilderness songs, and some more poem games; but "The Sick Eagle" is the next poem we really actually cotton to. It is a fairly short one, and a *poem.* It is one of the best things in the book. "The Song of My Fiftieth Birthday" is a long chant in a number of sections, to the rhythm of a dance danced "on the Davenport Roof, Spokane." No one but Lindsay could have written it; but we would hardly get through it.

Nearly last in the book is one of its best things, because of the wrath inherent in it. It is called "Twenty Years Ago," and is an address to someone who wished to hog-tie the poet and make of him a conventional man. It contains some of Lindsay's most "remarkable remarks," but we vastly admire his wishing to hold zebra races. "The Five Seals in the Sky" has an interesting rhythm, but that is about all; and that ends the book.

This is decidedly one of Lindsay's lesser volumes. We hate to say it, but it is. His construction and orchestration are but a shadow of what they were. His gusto and his lovable spirit are still there, but flat lines and banal phrasing are far too frequent. We are frankly worried about him, though we know he cannot change his spots. If we may more, that caught and held the immediate, speak right out in meeting, we believe it is those confounded poem games that are responsible for the lack of real structural strength and well-wrought phrase in this latest book. It is all right to write things for dancers to "write upon the air" with rhythmic gesture, but such poetry is too likely to end by being written on the air itself. Lindsay had enough dancing in him to begin with, but he had also so much more, that caught and held the immediate, inexorable eye of the reader. And say what you will, poetry must be written for the eye, however much it may also be written for the ear.

(*For Recommendations see page* 433)

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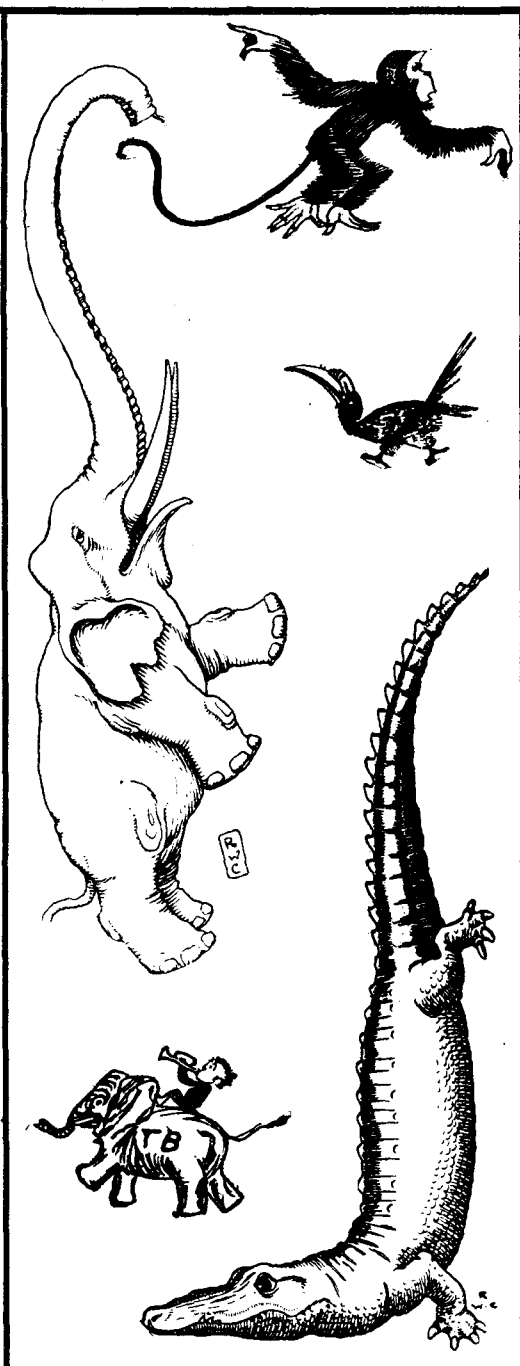

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From the Bookseller's Angle

By GERTRUDE ANDRUS

CERTAINLY it pays to advertise. Isn't B. V. D. a part of our "American language" and doesn't "it floats" mean soap to us? Even the courts have been invaded of late, in the clash between "Luckies" and "sweets," so vigorous has been the denial of the commercially damaging reiteration that sugar is hostile to the fashionable contour of the female figure. And for the past ten years publishers, booksellers, librarians, teachers, and the more intelligent public have been working together through Children's Book Week, so that the idea suggested by "children and books" may become associated in people's minds. When we say "children" we want them to think "books," just as they now think "shoes and stockings," "bread and butter," or "ham and eggs."

There was once a children's librarian, who was convinced that public libraries weren't doing their whole duty unless they persuaded people to buy more books for children and better books. But the publicity at her command was limited, so she asked permission of her librarian to spend several hours a day in the weeks just before Christmas in the book department of a large department store, actually selling books, and to the amazement of the store managers, selling books that cost two dollars and a half as readily as those which cost fifty cents. This venture into salesmanship focussed the attention of a slightly larger group than previously had been reached on the responsibility of the grown-up to purchase the best in books for a child, but it was of slight use except as it demonstrated that given a bookseller plus a sales force interested in the good books, you will have at the end of the season a bookseller minus the better books but still plus the poor ones.

Even though unorganized in their publicity, public libraries have always been in the vanguard of any effort toward making children owners as well as readers of good books, but it is only since there has been the definite and powerful organization of Book Week back of the idea that rapid progress has been made.

It is never difficult to interest people in a movement for the good of children. Some of them, of course, fail to see why there is so much agitation over the children's reading. But the bombardment of club programs, magazine articles, radio talks, school essays, and library exhibits, is having a cumulative effect and is finding the majority of people needing only the slightest encouragement and direction, so eager are they that their children shall have every opportunity for development and expression.

This emphasis on better books for children has been so effective that it is a peculiar pleasure this year to be a bookseller, for never have there been so many beautiful books for children and never have there been so many good books at a low price.

Miss Massey, of Doubleday, Doran deserves a special word of thanks for making available the Windmill Books at a dollar a volume and thus giving those with lean pocket-books the chance to buy some of the newer story books. If Macmillan's Little Library, so wisely chosen by Miss Seaman, contained no other title of merit than "Silver Pennies" it would be worth while, for "Silver Pennies," edited by Blanche Thompson, is one of the best small anthologies of poetry ever made for children, and its price of one dollar brings it within reach of all.

And one of the best books for both mothers and daughters is Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Understood Betsy," which comes from Grosset & Dunlap, beautifully dressed, for one dollar.

The old books of real merit will always endure, and we hope no girl will ever be allowed to miss Miss Alcott's "Little Women" or Johanna Spyri's "Heidi," and unfortunate is the boy who fails to read "Treasure Island" or Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron." But new things are to the fore, and mystery stories and aviation must be given a place, else our choice of books for young folks becomes pedantic. The mystery story offers no classics, as yet, to be included in the "must-haves" on a child's book shelf, but in the meantime Augusta Seaman's long list of titles will bridge the gap until the time when the "Gold Bug" by Poe and Wilkie Collins's "Lady in White" will meet with approval.

And young America is certainly air-minded! Ever since that memorable day when the whole nation went mad over an unknown youth and his tiny plane, there has been an increasing demand for fact and fiction concerning air adventure. The best of the books, so far, are those which have been seized upon by the children though they were planned for grown-up readers, and the older folks must share Byrd's "Skyward," Lindbergh's "We," Wilkins's "Flying the Arctic," and Bruce's "Skylarking" with the younger crowd. And how the boys do love Hall's "High Adventure" and the new title of this year, "Falcons of France."

We have been deluged this year with books of information for children, information not only on aviation but on all sorts of subjects and put up in the most charming packages. What wouldn't Rollo give to be alive to-day, and how Jonas would have enjoyed the picturesque and graphic new "Geography of the World" by Hillyer and the story of a Persian boy by Youël Mirza, "Myself When Young." This is really a contribution to children's literature and deserves a wide reading by the whole family. Perhaps we think we aren't interested in Madame Roland, but let us once subject ourselves to the charm of Eaton's "A Daughter of the Seine," and we shall find that the dramatic spell of the French Revolution has us in its thrall. So many of the new story-books have a background of foreign lands and their manners and customs, that, although they are told as fiction, they also have value as fact. A special example of accurate information garnished with an interesting and humorous tale is "Taktuk, an Arctic Boy," published last year by Helen Lomen and Marjory Flack.

On every publisher's list there are titles which compel us to stop and compare to-day's colorful, entertaining, and scientifically accurate books of information for children with the Rollo books and others of their ilk, which were the mental provender of our grandparents. When we think what the older generation had to endure, let us give thanks to and for the National Association of Book Publishers. They have attracted to the writing of children's books some of the cleverest authors in the field of general literature, they have made it a pleasure for booksellers to promote, and a joy for purchasers to buy, children's books, and, last and most important of all, they have made children eager to read.

Fighting the Germans

SHORTY IN THE TANK CORPS. By EDWARD W. KEEVER. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $1.75.

SHORTY MACK, a young and ungrammatical truck driver, tells how he "went and fought the Germans" with his college-bred buddy, Red Halliday. He describes their work with an ambulance unit in the French Army, the rescuing of the wounded being varied by episodes with spies, lunatics, and men on leave. Red's superior education enables him to fix things up with Shorty's girl at home by correspondence. The United States comes into the war and the boys, grown weary of being passively shot at, enlist. With an ever-increasing pressure of excitement the reader goes to the Argonne, rides a tank into action, sees street fighting, and suffers with Shorty at the loss of Red, feels with Shorty the relief and the emptiness of homecoming.

This book, so masculinely humorous, so humanly true, is no mere juvenile of adventure. It is a peep at the war itself made available for boys by the proper omissions. But these omissions weaken very little the pulse and throb of the ghastly truth. Restraint is on every page, yet the sensitive reader gets finally that atmosphere of tragic unfeelingness which is the natural miasma of slaughter. "I soon learned," says Shorty, "that in war a dead body don't mean anything except to the folks it grew up with at home." But it is a balanced peep. There is much laughter, much comradeship along with the selfishness and blood. The style is artfully artless, and its native American humor would set it apart. The book is far more than information or entertainment; it is a trustworthy spiritual record which should drive a rivet in war's coffin for every copy sold.

THE GALLANT LALLANES. By LOUISE H. GUYOL. Harpers. 1929. $2.

It is disappointing that Miss Guyol was not capable of meeting her opportunity with this book. For then through its pages hundreds of ignorant American children might have been tempted to make their first bow to the fascinating old city of New Orleans. As it is, the story is *fade* — to use the author's favorite French—and the characters are wooden; though now and then some of the charm and strangeness of the town does peep through.

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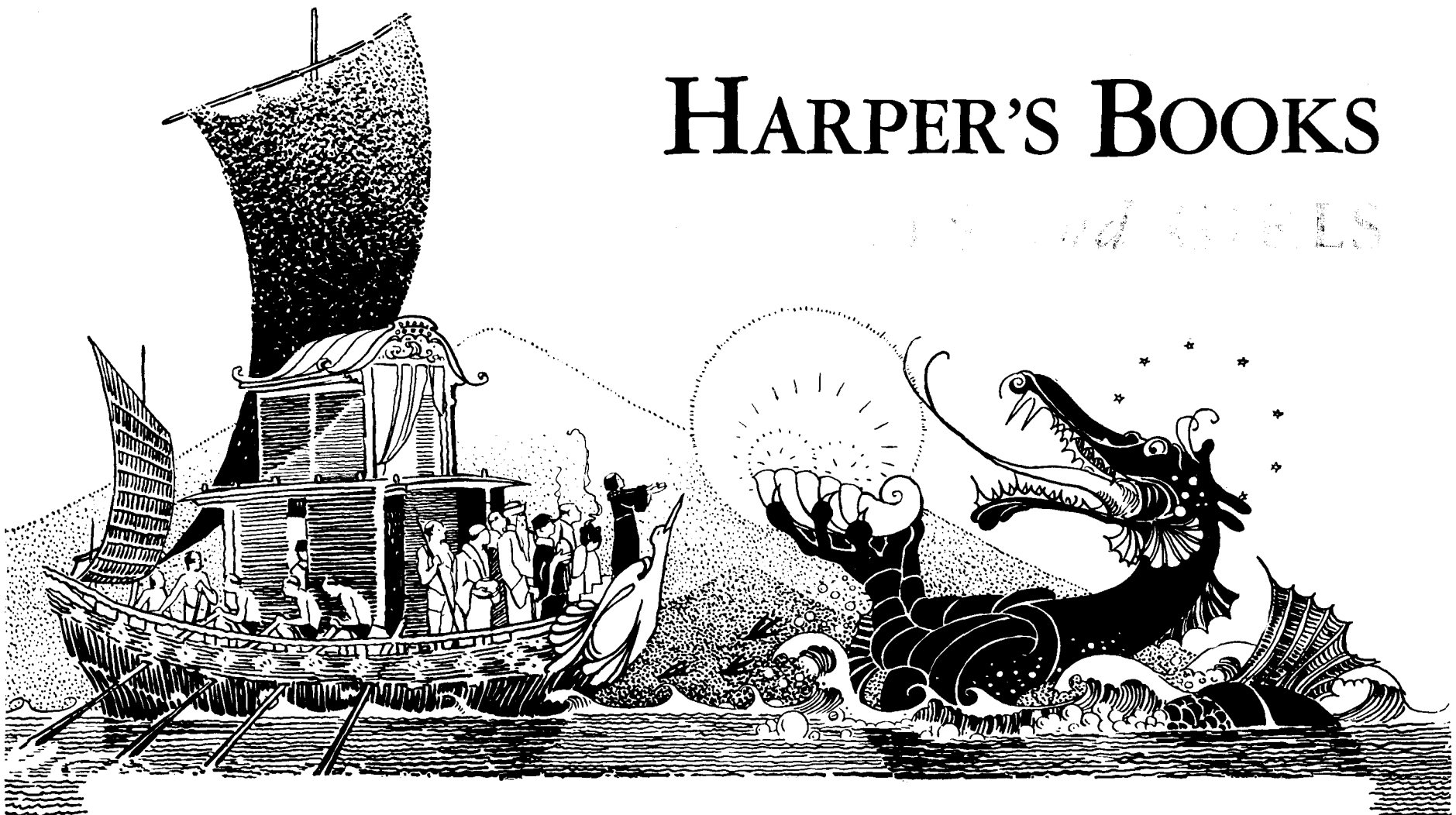

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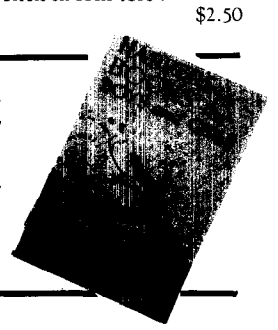

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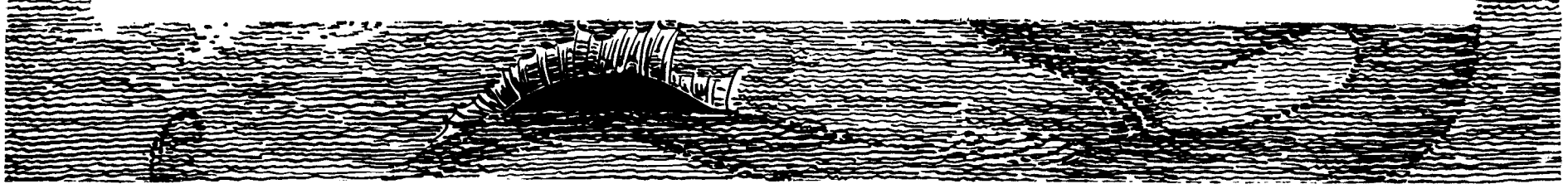

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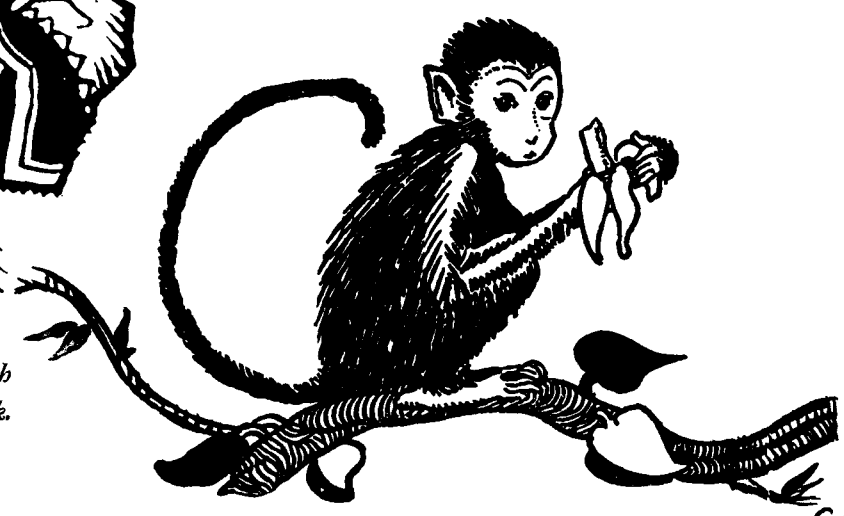

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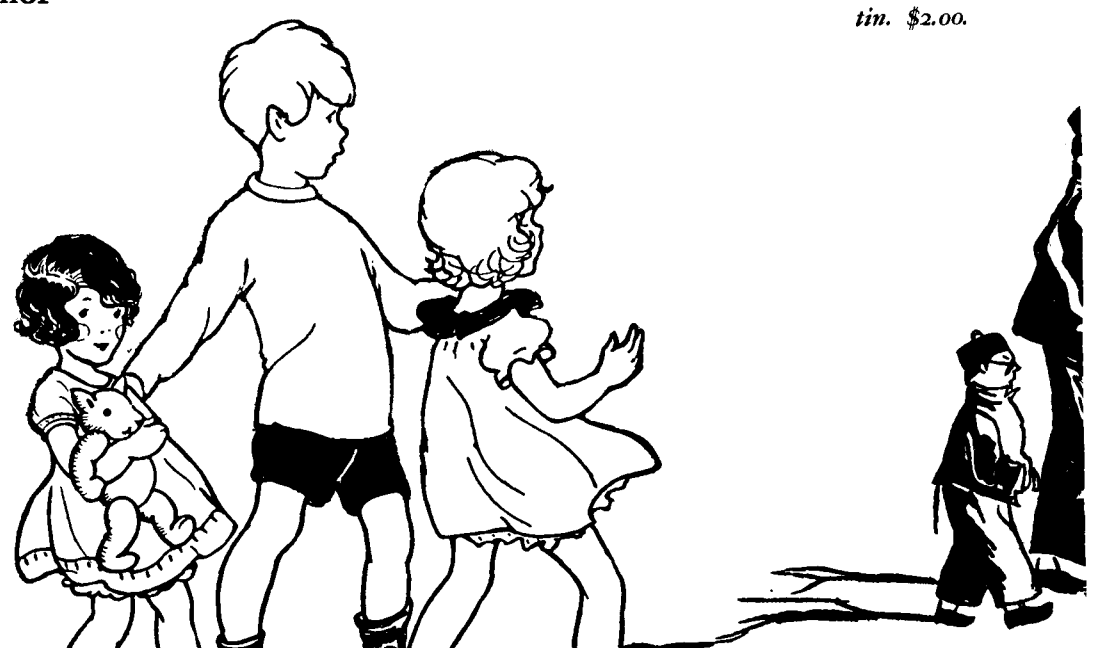

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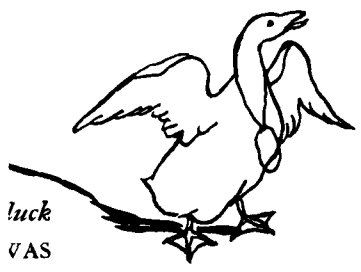

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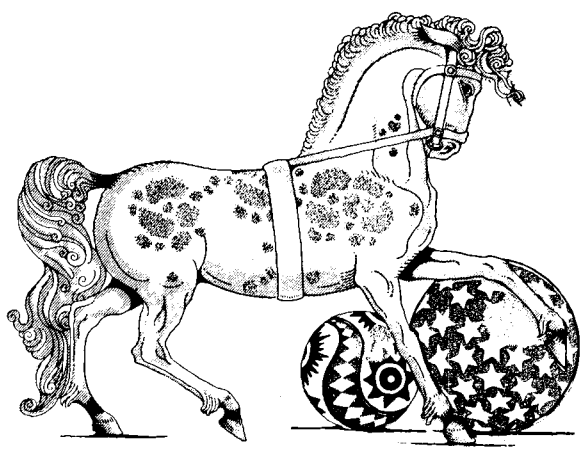

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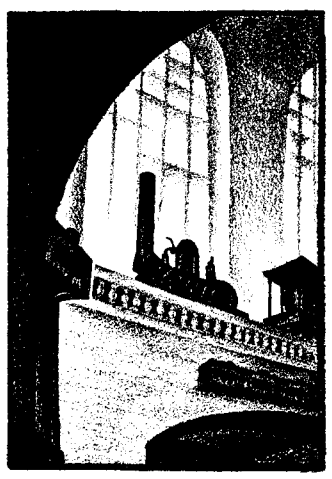

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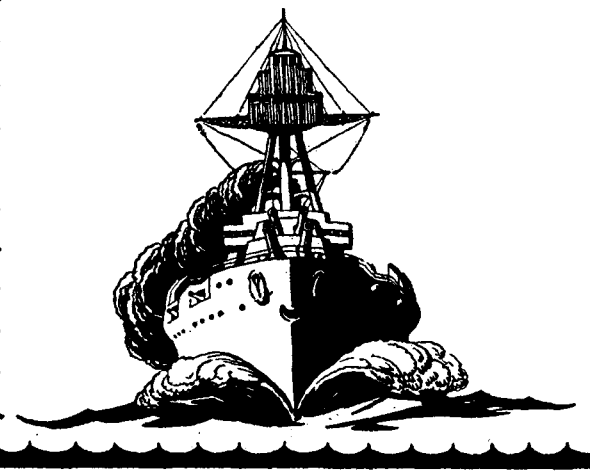

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Upward and Outward

By Daniel Henderson

Author of "Boone of the Wilderness"

THE war against mollycoddles goes on fiercely. Roosevelt began it, and in his wake came a stern army with fierce pens. The blood of boys must not be allowed to run pink.

The sensitive boy who would put his imagination rather than his muscles to the test will be left rather hungry among the flood of fall books. It's a pity that the influence of writers like Louisa M. Alcott isn't more potent to-day. One would wish to see, too, in this flood of fall juveniles some suggestion of the humor and reality of Mark Twain.

It is perhaps because of my sympathy with the boy inclined to dream and meditate that I commend Herman Hagedorn's "The Book of Courage" (Winston). There is perhaps too much strain in Hagedorn's effort to apply his message of courage, but there are also in the thirty heroes he has assembled such quiet cherishers of the spirit as Socrates, Saul of Tarsus, Savonarola, Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, Dr. Grenfell, and Ghandi. Hagedorn, while he is an exhorter, has the wisdom to teach that to fight in a lost cause is sometimes as noble as to fight for and win what the world calls success.

We like Hagedorn's spirited writing and his breadth of vision. We are glad to see that youth is served by a poet who, describing ships at sea, uses such a phrase as "with a moon marking them out with a cold, white finger."

This is a good book for boys—and for their fathers.

Name the famous horses you remember. Alexander's Bucephalus, yes. Lee's Traveler—go on. Is that all you can recall? Well, here's more than a score of them, along with the historical figures with which the horses were associated. We are stirred to rhyme:

Napoleon on Marengo, his pale Arabian steed;
The Great Duke's Copenhagen, iron of blood and breed;
"Stonewall" on Old Sorrel; Custer riding Vic;
Maud S, the trotter, who was lightning quick;
Man O' War, the golden stallion, born without peers—
Horses, horses, famous horses, racing down the years!

Among the books that have individuality is Dan Beard's "Buckskin Book for Buckskin Boys and Men" (Lippincott). Dan Beard is Boone and Crockett, trying to create the wilderness in the hearts of men and boys; trying to make them fit for that sort of life. In view of his strenuous gospel, it is strange to see Dan quoting Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien." It took a dreamy, sensitive youth to develop into Tennyson the poet. Dan Beard's philosophy, I'm afraid, would make all of our poets Robert Services.

However, for the boy to whom the great outdoors is everything, Dan's book is uniquely valuable. It shows the "Buckskin Boys and Men" at whom it is aimed how to live the life of the Indian and trapper; how to make moccasins and leggings; how to make knife scabbards and snow-shoes and dog sleds and harness; how to follow a trace, find water; how to find the way out when lost in wilderness—how to go back to nature with a vengeance. It traces, too, the romantic origins of these articles of woodcraft. Dan rather apologizes for his chapter on trapping. We wish ourselves that he had left it out.

Dr. Vance Joseph Hoyt, whose book "Silver Boy" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard) we next examine, approaches the wild along the trail of the naturalist and nature-lover. In a way suggestive of Ernest Thompson Seton, he sets forth the life story of a fox. He writes from his own observations and tells his story in a way that conveys to us with accuracy the feelings and habits of wild creatures. The sun and the moon shine out of this book, and a sweet wind blows through it.

Edwin L. Sabin—we doff our hat to him. Again and again he has stirred us with his colorful, accurate books of the West, and here he is again, bringing back to us the thrill we knew in boyhood when the weekly dime novel brought us the hair-raising Deadwood Dick. Not that Sabin is in the class of dime-novel writers—far from it. Sabin's new book, "Wild Men of the Wild West" (Crowell), is the story of the warfare against outlaws from the days when Boone explored Kentucky to the times of Billy the Kid and later. The philosophy of the book is that "when a man armed with a gun and the right met a man armed with a gun and the wrong, the odds favored the man who had the right on his side. The sense of wrong somehow slowed up the other fellow's gun." This theory Sabin proves in exciting accounts of scores of wild men who terrorized the West and came to violent ends. His chronicle of sheriffs and vigilantes who often single-handed upheld law and order is fascinating and inspiring.

If Icarus is to be the god of the next generation, then we must be prepared for the many books that guide boys skyward.

"Rhodes of the Flying Cadets," by Frederic Nelson Litten (Appleton), comes to us introduced by Brigadier-General W. E. Gillmore, Assistant Chief of the Air Corps, U. S. A., who says that "the writer's six weeks in barracks gave him a thorough understanding of the cadet spirit on which is based the making of a flyer." Litten writes well. His story has life and movement and suspense. His cadets are real persons. He manages to convey both the technique and romance of flight. We know lots of boys who would fight for a chance to read this book.

"The Big Aviation Book for Boys," edited by Joseph Lewis French, with a five-paragraph introduction by Commander Richard E. Byrd (McLoughlin), obviously sets out to capitalize the interest of youth in aviation. It tells the story of the airplane and airship from the days of their invention to the stirring present, and the editor in his compilation has drawn on the work of authorities in each phase of the subject—Walter Wellman, Rickenbacker, Lindbergh, Floyd Bennett, Russell Owen, Byrd, etc. An air story by James Warner Bellah is included. The book is choppy and lacks a story thread, yet the youth to whom facts and personalities are more interesting than romance will value it.

An attractive candidate in the Boy Scout Market is "A Boy Scout in the Grizzly Country," by Dick Douglas, Jr. (Putnam). Dick was one of the three Eagle Scouts who went to British East Africa in 1928 with Martin Johnson. This time George Palmer Putnam sent Dick to Kadiak Island, Alaska, to "photograph and get acquainted with certain giant grizzly bears." The grizzlies did not eat Dick (the dangers he relates are mostly the experiences of his men companions), and the book doesn't contain the thrills the jacket leads us to expect. It is, however, an interesting, simply told account of hunting and travelling in out-of-the-way parts. Since boys have suffered so much in the past from writers of adventure seeking to speak their language, it is perhaps well that Dick and his fellow-eagles have taken the field into their own hands. For their sakes, we hope the supply of out-of-the-way places will not soon be exhausted.

"Troubled Waters," by Alfred F. Loomis (Appleton), is written by a man who knows his yachts. In this yarn he takes his readers on a mystery cruise into the Gulf of Finland. Kenneth Yalden, an American youth stranded in Sweden, falls in with a young yachtsman—a prince of the former ruling house of Russia—who seeks to return to that country and find a lovely sister, regain family treasures, and stir up the people in favor of the nobility. Trailed by Russian Bolshevik spies, they go on their dangerous cruise. While the characters are only book characters and the plot rather commonplace, the pages dealing with life at sea are fresh and vivid. The book's map and illustrations add considerably to the liveliness and interest of the volume.

There—we are through with this batch. And now that we've done them justice or injustice—let us again remark that, if boys are men in the making, they want humor and thinking as much as they want adventurous flights and excursions. So it is ho, for the writer who will turn his mind and his pen to his own street or village; who will explore his own soul and lead boys jaded from too many "Upward and Outward Stories" on an inward trail!

THE BOYS' BOOK OF ASTRONOMY. By Goodwin Swezey and F. Harris Gable. Illustrated by the authors. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

Whoever begins this book should do so long before bedtime, for it is an absorbing book and full of wonders, and, best of all, the wonders are scientific facts. To one uninformed in the geography of the sky or one who has not kept pace with the latest scientific discoveries, it seems incredible there should be such a wealth of knowledge about such far-distant marvels. And there are other things the authors tell us about, too, the earth, tides, winds and navigation.

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by Madame de Segur
translated from the French
by Marguerite F. Melcher

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Barney

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Oliver La Farge

is the son of Grant LaFarge, the architect, and grandson of John LaFarge, the painter. His first novel--a Literary Guild selection--is based on three years of life among the Indians of Arizona and Mexico. "The Southwest is still full of unspoiled Indians," he says "gay, proud, delightful, irritating, difficult, priceless, the kind of people I have put into my book."

Laughing Boy

"At every point a work of art." Carl Van Doren. "A true story of primitive love admirably rendered." Mary Austin in the Saturday Review of Literature. "Beautiful, sincere, deeply moving. As fine a book as the lucky reader finds in a month of Sundays." Providence Journal. "A delightful novelty in authentic American material. It moves in beauty like an Indian chant. Laughing Boy and Slim Girl are vivid, appealing, and real." The Book Review.

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Books for Adolescents

By Mildred A. Fontaine

IT is regrettable that so many of the stories written nowadays for adolescents conform to a pattern which has apparently been adopted as practicable and salable, but which is little concerned with plausibility of plot and characters and contributes nothing toward the formation of standards of literary appreciation. This pattern varies somewhat, depending upon whether it is to be used for a boy's or a girl's story. If the book is for boys, it will be full of adventures. Indians, pirates, or savages will appear; there will be lost treasure, caves, rescues from fire and flood; or it may be a sea tale with shipwreck, thirst, and starvation accompaniment. There will be a boy who outwits the villain, finds the treasure, or performs the rescue, all in circumstances far removed from the experience of any real boy. If it is to be a girl's story, it must be a bit less robust in adventure; hence, to create interest there will be a mystery, usually connected with the parentage of the idealized heroine. There will be a gentle kidnapping, a rescue, old letters, an identifying trinket, and a happy issue out of every trouble with sometimes a hint of an impending love affair to finish the book. In either case, we find, against a background of wraithlike grown-ups, children as the protagonists, placed in extraordinary situations from which they extricate themselves with unnatural cleverness.

Children should have their adventure and romance attuned to their understanding, but even so, it is not necessary that their reading be confined to these indifferently written books which can only create an appetite for still wilder tales. There are many classics of romance which would be within their powers of comprehension, be equally enthralling, and, at the same time, develop a taste for good literature. Parents who are interested in the reading of their children should see that some of them are regularly included in the literary diet.

In nearly all of the nine juveniles listed above (five are for girls and four for boys) we recognize the same old model. Of the boys' books by far the best is "Pirates of the Pine Lands,"[1] which tells of the adventures of Tom Lansing on the Michigan frontier in 1852, when there were pirates on the lake. Here is a real boy who plays a helpful part in the struggles of the colonists to rid themselves of Strang, the pirate king, but does not usurp the center of the stage as the pattern hero does. He is not infallible and makes the mistakes we should expect of a seventeen-year-old, but is a brave and likable character. This book follows the usual adventure story outline, but it is better written, has an interesting historical background, and the characters are convincingly drawn.

Of the remaining three boys' books, two deal with the sea, and the third is an autobiography. "Walt Henley, Skipper"[2] is the stereotyped "series" book in which the hero is carried along a few steps farther in his adventurous career. The description of the Nantucket sea race shows Mr. Loomis at his best and should redeem the book for those who are fond of sailing. "Dangerous Waters"[3] is the story of four young people cast adrift on a derelict schooner. Its plausibility once granted, it holds one's interest. The narration of events is better than the character portrayal. "Shiner Watson"[4] is ostensibly the autobiography of a boy, but as such is not very convincing. The shadow of the adult author is cast too heavily upon it. But though the incidents follow the adventure pattern pretty closely, they are entertainingly told, and the two boys are well contrasted and portrayed.

Of the five books for girls, four stress the mystery theme, though only in "Cockatoo"[5] is it the main thread of the story. Here again is the conventional pattern. The heroine is a fairy-story character, but the other young people are much more real. It is interestingly told, and girls will like it. "Black Flower"[6] has a less exciting story to tell, and many of the characters are types, though Theo, the tomboy, is well portrayed. This book also boasts a mild mystery.

"Wind on the Prairie"[7] is a lively tale of ranch life. The situations are somewhat improbable, and the grown-ups are lay figures, but the children are sympathetically drawn and their conversation is unusually realistic. The mystery concerns a ghost. "Windywhistle"[8] also follows our pattern but is a much better written book and richer in content than the other three. The setting, a small village in Nova Scotia, is unusual and interesting, and the characters are individuals. Thistle Throckmorton wants to get away from her native village and earn her living in New York. She succeeds in teaching herself stenography and typing and, with her grandmother, goes to New York, gets a position, and sopports them both on eighteen dollars a week. After several happy months of absorption in her work and new friends, she happens upon the owner of the other half of the golden cross which she had found long ago at Windyweirs. Here enters the mystery, which is finally solved to the happiness of everyone.

"Carmela Commands"[9] departs decidedly from the accepted pattern and perhaps that is why it won the Harper-American Girl prize. It is a breezy tale of a girl of the Italian quarter in New York. She is an aggressive, impudent, self-reliant young person who acts as interpreter for her father in his business. Her management of his affairs is somewhat of a strain on our credulity, especially when, by misinterpreting each party to the other, she induces a real estate agent to pay twice what her father asks for a bit of land; but she is an original character and realistically presented. The book discusses the problem of the two generations, the children Americanized, and the parents clinging to their native language and customs.

In this group of books, though all but one follow the customary path, those for girls are the better written and show more earnest attempts at characterization. That one of them has struck a new trail is encouraging. Let us hope for more departures from the too well travelled road.

[1] PIRATE OF THE PINE LANDS. By Karl W. Detzer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1929. $2.
[2] WALT HENLEY, SKIPPER. By Alfred F. Loomis. New York: Ives Washburn. 1929. $1.75.
[3] DANGEROUS WATERS. By Carl H. Claudy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1929. $1.75.
[4] SHINER WATSON. By MacGregor Jenkins. The same.
[5] COCKATOO. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $2.
[6] BLACK FLOWER. By Jane Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Company. 1929. $2.
[7] WIND ON THE PRAIRIE. By Lenora M. Weber. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1929. $2.
[8] WINDYWHISTLE. By Zillah K. MacDonald. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1929. $2.
[9] CARMELA COMMANDS. By Walter S. Ball. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

Two Hemispheres

By Helen Chrystie

THE first five books listed below fall into the realm of informative works. Very differently they fulfil one definite and powerful office of juvenile literature—to occupy question-asking young minds. The first two books attempt nothing but the answer to "What shall I do?" The "Sew-It-Book"[1] is full of what to make and how to make it and is helpfully and decorously illustrated. But whoever wants to make things wants to read quick, concise directions. It would be better if the author had taken a chance that when she said, "Buy your dyes at the drug store," the reader would, without further suggestion, "ask the druggist for a color card," than to have taken the chance that the book would be as boring as it is explicit. "Three Hundred and One Things a Bright Girl Can Do,"[2] which covers amateur theatricals, the making of doll furniture, and a great array of other carefully explained suggestions, is an excellent reference book. Its variety of suggestion implies the interest of at least 301 different kinds of girls.

The next two books try to give travel facts in story form, and they both try too hard, If, for instance, a story about a building in England is going to hold a child's interest it will do so better without frequent interruptions to the effect that "Robin"[3] eagerly asked a cerain question, or that father decided to have lunch. "Alice in Elephantland"[4] has a good story to tell about a hunting expedition in Africa. The information is occasionally quickened with pertinent and suggestive comment. But more often the story is spoiled by repetitive ex-

[1] THE SEW-IT BOOK. By Rachel Taft Dixon. Chicago: Rand McNally & Company. 1929. $1.
[2] THREE HUNDRED AND ONE THINGS A BRIGHT GIRL CAN DO. By Jean Stewart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1929. $2.00.
[3] ROBIN AND JEAN IN ENGLAND. By Lawrence S. Williams. New York: American Book Company.
[4] ALICE IN ELEPHANTLAND. By Mary Hastings Bradley. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1929. $2.50.

(*Continued on page* 430)

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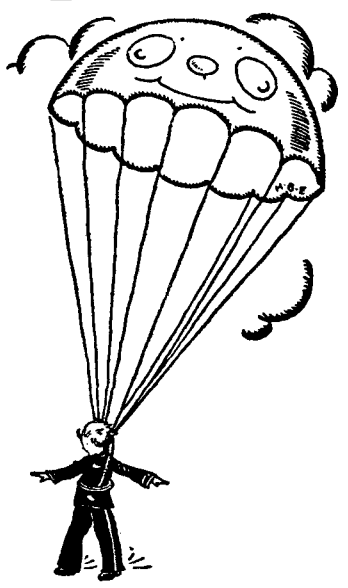

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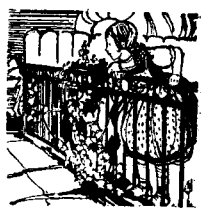

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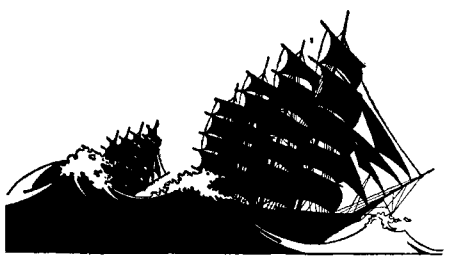

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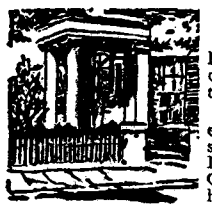

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

The Mothers in Council, Germantown, Pa., ask for a list of books to exhibit during Book Week, showing progress in children's literature for the year, books suitable for Christmas Gifts.

IF I were arranging an exhibit to show, within the compass of some fifty volumes, the general trend of this season's publishing for boys and girls, emphasizing some of the books that compel attention, the list would run something like the one that follows. It must be borne in mind that though I am popularly credited with reading all the books there are, new and old and for old and young, there are really as many as five that have not as yet come under my eye. The omission of one of the reader's special pets may perhaps be due to this sad fact.

I would have a grand time getting together the bright volumes for little children, such as the Hungarian reds and yellows of the Petersham's "Miki" (Doubleday, Doran) and Elizabeth Jacobi's "The Adventures of Andris" (Macmillan), written with affection and producing it; they convince me that when the Austrian government gave the Pen Club delegates ten-day free passes on all their railroads last summer, I made a mistake in turning northward instead of following the Danube to Budapest. Look how pretty they are, the books for little children: "Karoo the Kangaroo," by Kurt Wiese (Coward-McCann), which somehow seems a book about babyhood and motherhood, not just about animals. "Little Blacknose," by Hildegarde Hoyt Smith (Harcourt, Brace), which makes the first locomotive ever made for the New York Central the living creature that every child knows a train really is. "Little Black Stories for Little White Children," by Blaise Cendrars (Payson & Clarke), bringing to a booklover the tingle that comes from finding that something worth doing has been done in precisely the right way: everything works together here, the wise jungle tales, the bounding, juicy grotesquerie of Pierre Pinsard's woodcuts, the color scheme, and the bold black type. "Miss Pert's Christmas Tree" (Macmillan), in which the delicate distinction of J. Paget-Fredericks's designs in color and in what looks almost like type-ornament blend into the story of a little girl who is turned into a living Christmas tree, is an unexpected book for children who love the unusual. "The Pirate Twins," by William Nicholson (Coward-McCann)—you know his "Clever Bill," of course? and Helen Bannerman's "Little Black Sambo"? Well, this is as good as both of them; make a note of it as a book to keep. "Sally Gabble and the Fairies," by Miriam Clark Potter (Macmillan), in which a woman does what every little girl has at some time dreamed of doing, sets a trap for a fairy and tames it for a pet. It is as tiny as Rachel Field's "Pocket Hankerchief Park" (Macmillan), which is about the career of a selfmade park that was a vacant lot till a merry-go-round, a balloon-seller, and the neighborhood adopted it. Everyone knows Peggy Bacon's cats; there is a prize-winner in her "Ballad of Tangle Street" (Harcourt, Brace), illustrated in the spirit that made "New Songs for New Voices" famous. Every house in this street believes it is the only owner of this cat, who is named and fed on this basis; the truth is, of course, that she owns them all on her own terms. My best-beloved cat-book, "Brothers in Fur," by Eliza Orne White, now has a successor that I strongly recommend to cattists: "Sally in her Fur Coat" (Houghton Mifflin). "Sally's A B C," by Dugald Stewart Walker (Harcourt, Brace), is taken from the alphabet on the sampler of Sally Tate, who lived in Medford, Mass., in 1790; this Mr. Walker has embroidered with designs illustrating the objects Sally named, in the forms under which Sally saw them, "views," for instance, being two captain's wives scanning the horizon with telescopes from one of those railed platforms around the chimneys of ancient houses in New England coastal towns.

"Italian Fairy Tales," by Luigi Capuana (Dutton), has the best new fairy-stories in years; new as fairy-stories go, of course, and altogether new to us, for they have just been translated, but they have been justly adored by Italian children for fifty years. "Animals in Black and White," a series of exquisitely executed woodcuts with descriptions by Eric Fitch Dalglish (Morrow), has now reached "Reptiles" and "Fishes" in its fifth and sixth volumes. Do not shrink from the snakes; you will find he has used the decorative possibilities of their curves and coils with such success that a timid child may safely make their acquaintance. "A Monkey Tale," by Hamilton Williamson (Doubleday, Doran), is a hand-lettered story in bright colors from which no small child can easily be detached. "The Wonder City," by Lois Lenski (Coward-McCann), is New York as it appears to two children on a visit. Lois Lenski also made the pictures for the new Hugh Lofting book, "The Twilight of Magic" (Stokes); no, Dr. Dolittle is, for all we know, still in the moon; this book is quite different but very good. "The Runaway Sardine," by Emma L. Brock (Doubleday, Doran), is a nonsense story whose plot may be inferred from the title; it takes place in a French fishing-village and the pictures are uproarious. Incredible as it may sound, Wanda Gag has actually done it again: "The Funny Thing" (Coward-McCann), her new hand-lettered, woodcut illustrated extravaganza, is even more droll than "Millions of Cats," even if not quite so lovable; it is a book that stands out and would in any season. So would Elsa Eingruber's "Spin Top Spin" (Macmillan), made up of groups of playing children. These German babies are putting their whole hearts into the job of getting their playing done properly; I have kept one of her German picture-books alongside my desk for months, just to look at when I feel quite tired-out. The only babies I have seen at all like these are the adorable infants on certain Chinese prints.

Another book from the German that well repays reading is Wilhelm Speyer's "Galahads and Pussycats" (Cape-Smith). The *tertia* or sophomore class of a boy's school, at the age when turbulent individualism merges easily with gang spirit, learn that all the cats of the neighboring village are in danger of a peculiarly unpleasant form of slaughter as the result of a hydrophobia scare. They organize conspiracy and warfare on a grand scale, rescuing the somewhat battered cats in its process. From Bohemia comes one of the most sumptuous picture-story-books of the year, Josef Kozisek's "The Magic Flutes" (Longmans, Green), a blaze of color and with a broad, comfortable humor in the treatment of animals in human dress. This book may be expensive, but it will wear; all around the edge where the worst strain comes unless the hands are invariable washed before using, there is a broad bright border of blue to catch the marks.

We now approach the borderline age where you must go carefully lest the recipient of the book think you do not know how old he is. I can read an eight-year-old book with delight if it is a good one, but beware how you give it to a ten-year-old. I do not know, however, what age Paul Eipper had in mind when he set down his sympathetic reports on his long experience with animals in zoölogical gardens in "Animals Looking at You" (Viking). It is generally taken as a children's book and may well be used as one, but these marvellous photographs and life impressions belong to anyone who loves life or marvels at it—and marveling at life is one of the things that comes with years. "A Child's Geography of the World," by V. M. Hillyer (Century), takes in the same large audience as his "Child's History of the World," and is to my mind quite as much needed as this famous earlier work. Geography in many cases must be rescued from its text-books, and Mr. Hillyer gets ahead of the text-book altogether.

Now comes a remarkable story, Rachel Field's "Hitty: Her First Hundred Years" (Macmillan). It will last if anything in this year's list will; possibly as long as the heroine, a doll who was made out of ash-wood in Maine a century ago, and who now—after adventures that involve shipwreck, being an idol in heathen temple, going into New York society, and capitulating to the charm of Mr. Dickens—is taking a temporary rest in a New York curio shop. Ella Young's "The Tangle-Coated Horse" (Longmans, Green) is so lovely to look at with its beautiful print and black-and-white pictures, that you are almost surprised to find it even better to read, unless, of course, you have read Ella Young's "Wonder-Smith and His Sons" and know her magic

(*Continued on page 422*)

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A. Edward Newton.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page 420*)

with words. "Three in the Moon," by Jacques Dobey (Knopf), is another of the books that quite dazzle the eye with its loveliness of appearance; the print alone makes it a prize, even if it had not Arzibasheff's red and black decorations, but I wonder whether it will take the fancy of the age likely to get it for a Christmas present; its romance may seem to them grown-up and foreign. But then, you never can tell about that age. At this writing I have seen Eunice Tietjen's "Antar" (Coward-McCann) only in proofs, but even so much has convinced me that it is a book by all means to have; an ageless Oriental romance, patiently and sympathetically retraced and retold by a poet who is also a scholar, with plenty of violent action and one of the great heroes of literature; that ought to do for the teens, boy or girl.

Let us round up some of the stories for this time of life and see which of them have "something in them" that makes them worth rereading. "Courageous Companions," by Charles J. Finger (Longmans, Green), is literature, and it is also a rattling good yarn of youth going around the globe on Magellan's first stormy voyage. "Susanna and Tristram," by Marjorie Hill Allee (Houghton Mifflin), is about the eighteen-fifties in the Middle West, and the excitements of the days of the Underground Railway. "The Jumping-Off Place," by Marion Hurd McNeely (Longmans, Green), is a family taking up land in the Dakotas and keeping up their spirits and yours. "Joscelyn of the Forts," by Gertrude Crownfield (Dutton), is to be owned by all who live around Lake George, Albany, or the country of Ticonderoga, or who like good stories of the time of Montcalm and Abercrombie. "Witch Perkins," by Evelyn Scott (Holt), I could have put with the little folks because the two heroines are respectively six and seven, but I read it with unflagging amusement; it is in old Kentucky, where witches were still within the bounds of possibility, especially if you were a little girl with a well-working imagination. I will keep on the lookout to see if little girls take to this book; at the moment it seems to me that older readers will really get the best of it. "The Whirlwind," by William Stearns Davis (Macmillan), is a grown-up novel of the French Revolution that young people will like; another is Alfred Bill's "Red Priors Legacy" (Longmans, Green), "The Beckoning Road," by Caroline Dale Snedeker (Doubleday, Doran) is an admirable novel of Robert Owen's altrurian settlement in the old Middle West. "You Make Your Own Luck" (Longmans, Green) and "Virginia's Bandit" (Houghton Mifflin), are Elsie Singmaster's books for girls in the older teens, safe choices; "The Lost King," by Helen Coale Crewe (Century), is the return of Odysseus as it concerned a Greek boy and girl. "War-Paint and Powder-Horn," by Vernon Quinn (Stokes), is the story of the old Santa Fé Trail.

As for "Mr. Hermit Crab," by Mimsy Rhys (Macmillan), it is a real gem. I care very little for books written by children and this was done when the author was thirteen years old, living in England—she now lives in this country. But it is so delicious a result of a child's insatiable interest in the love-affairs of grown-ups (Mr. Hermit Crab is a young man), and the Victorian atmosphere is so unfailingly touched off, that I found it absorbing. As for "Love Comes Riding," an anthology by Helen Ferris (Harcourt, Brace), it is by far the best collection of love stories that I have seen, and this is a type of anthology often attempted.

Having turned the corner into non-fiction, it remains to point out certain distinctive books that tell how to make or to do before these begin, pay a tribute of gratitude to the best book on crafts and craftsmen that has yet been given to children, "The Goldsmith of Florence," by Katharine Gibson of the Cleveland Art Museum (Macmillan). It is deeply moving in its spirit, its information is sound, and its pictures are little less than magnificent. This is one of the selections of the Junior Literary Guild: in my ambition to read every recent book written for boys and girls I have lately read little else, not even the publicity of this organization, and was much interested to find how many of the books I had double-starred were on their list of choices. Books for the hands as well as the head include "Things Any Boy Can Make" (Century), which comes before the tool-using age and will keep any boy busy for hours: "300 Things for a Boy to Make," by A. C. Horth (*Lippincott*), which calls for a carpentry set and was enthusiastically received by a boy of my acquaintance in London this summer, who is now making things for Christmas out of it; "Marionettes," by Edith Ackley (Stokes), a really easy book; "Patty Pans," by Florence La Ganke (Little, Brown), a cook book with positively fool-proof directions; now that I have a real apartment once more I think I will cook through it and mark results. "When Susy Sews," by Helen Perry Curtis (Macmillan), is the best book there is for giving a girl an idea of new methods of rapid sewing with good-looking results. "Singing Time," by Satis Coleman and Alice Thorn (Day), is a set of very short, very easy songs for home or kindergarten, with accompaniments easy enough for mother to play—with one finger if necessary. Add "Building a Model Railroad," by Albert S. Coolidge (Macmillan), for boys in advanced stages of train-fever, and "The Book of Airplanes," by Lieuts. Iseman and Taylor (Oxford University Press), an excellent popular history of aviation.

The most important improvement that has taken place in young people's books in recent years is in biography; here the books are often better than for elders. I cannot see how the life of Madame Roland, "A Daughter of the Seine," by Jeannette Eaton (Harper), could be better done; it is true to the character and to the time in a degree that makes absorbing reading. I finished Helen Nicolay's "Andrew Jackson, the Fighting President" (Century) with the sense that I was on good terms with a surprising personality. Bellamy Partridge's "Amundsen" (Stokes) is a thrilling record of a great life-story. There is an excellent "Boy's Life of Kit Carson," by Flora Warren Seymour (Century), and one of William Penn, "The Boy Who Dared," by Mary H. Wade (Appleton). Archer Wallace's "Boys Who Made Good" (Doubleday, Doran) is better than the customary biographical sketches of men who have "made good," and the successes it describes seem worth making, which is more than I can say for most of the adult eulogies of success. Another recent development is in books of travel: Palle Huld, the fifteen-year-old boy sent by the Danish newspaper *Politiken* to cut Phileas Fogg's record as nearly in two as might be, has given the world a record of resourcefulness in "A Boy Scout Around the World" (Coward-McCann). Harry Franck has opened China to boys through a boy's story, "Marco Polo Junior" (Century), and a story for girls, "Sally in South Africa," by Gulielma Orr and Henrietta Schiel (Century), does the same for this section with a mystery story thrown in.

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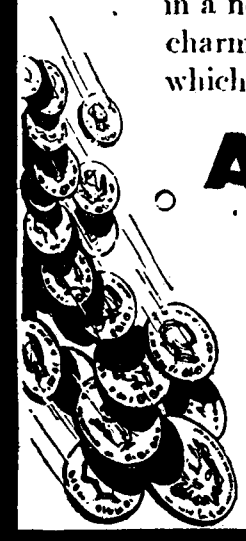

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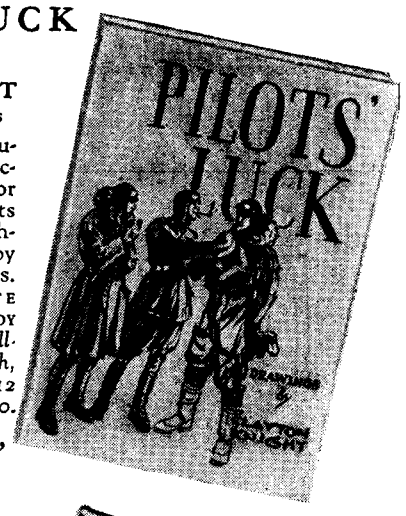

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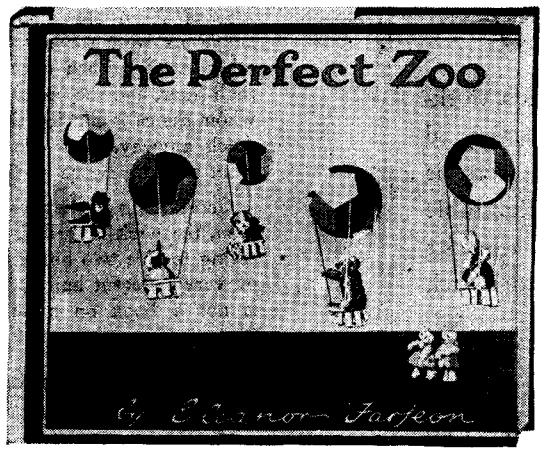

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Books For Little People

Reviewed by ELIZABETH WOODBRIDGE

REALITY is hard to define, but we all know a real book when we meet one, just as we know a real person or a real fairy. And we all want our children to meet this kind of books—and people—and fairies.

"Tilly-Tod" is a real book, though a little one, for little people. It has the reality of a sunny garret, where children love to peer, and ask questions. Any eight-year-old will love to peer into it and find out about Tilly-Tod, the little Quaker twins, who wore "pantalettes," went to "friends' meeting," and who wore their very best dresses to their Aunt Lydia's Quaker wedding.

"David and the Bear Man" is a real book, too. Any ten-year-old boy who gets a chance to go off, as David did, with a bear and a Bear Man like this one, had jolly well better go. And the next best thing will be to read about it. The Bear Man isn't, of course, really a Bear Man, but a young college fellow who bought the bear to save him from a brutal master. He is just the sort of fellow we all know, neither a sissy nor a paper hero, kind and humorous and straight,—just the fellow any ten-year-old boy would adore—to his eternal salvation. Success to the tale!

And the realest kind of real book is "Mr. Hermit Crab." But—a children's book? It was, to be sure, written by Mimpsy Rhys when she was fourteen, but does that prove that girls of fourteen will read it? I fancy they will hardly be up to its caustic analysis, its wise and humorous appraisal of human frailties, from those of the irreproachable governess to those of the young author herself. Yet some of them will enter into and love the tumult of make-believe which she creates as she drags her bosom friend, Louisa, from one adventure to another. The book is, no doubt, a literary curiosity, and worth anybody's reading. Moreover, as a piece of ironic, near-burlesque narrative, it is amazing. If Miss Rhys, with her mature powers, can do something proportionately amazing, she will indeed hold our attention.

"Young Architects" is another book that will set adults to thinking while it appeals to the more active-minded among our children. Its plan is an interesting one. It is to give us a glimpse of the typical houses Americans have lived in, from pioneer days to this year of grace 1929, and to give it from the viewpoint of the children who lived in them. It is not a history of American architecture. It is an attempt to call attention to the changes in the American home as expressed in its shell, the house.

It is a far cry from the little frame house of 1680, built round its great central chimney, to the modern apartment in a New York skyscraper. It is a far cry, too, from twelve-year-old Ann Newcomb, of Guildford, Connecticut, climbing out of the big roped bed before dawn, to dress the three younger children, get breakfast, and hold the baby to Peggy Lou, also twelve years old, whirling up in her daddy's green and gold car, after school, luncheon, and dancing school, to meet her mother and help choose the new apartment. Ann Newcomb was moving, on that great day, from a one-room log house to a four-room frame house built by her father and brother. Peggy Lou was moving from one apartment, where their neighbors were socially undesirable, to another, a "furnished simplex," on the twentieth floor, and she points out to her mother, whom she calls Clarice, that it doesn't matter much anyway, since most of their year is spent at Palm Beach or Bar Harbor.

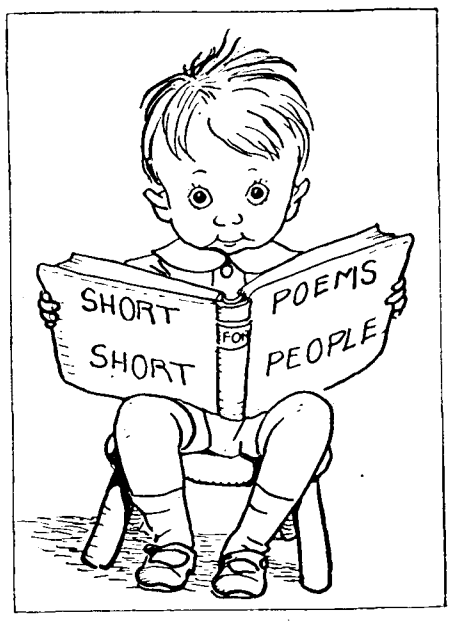
Considering the extreme difficulties of the plan, the book is well done. The author is trying to ride two horses at once, and horses of very different build and gait. And so it is not a book on architecture, nor yet a story book. But it leaves one wanting more—more about Ann and Peggy Lou and the rest, and more about their houses. So I think we must call it a success in a new field.

TILLY-TOD. By ELIZABETH JANET GRAY. Illustrated by MARY HAMILTON FRYE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $1.50.

DAVID AND THE BEAR MAN. By MARGARET ASHMUN. Illustrated by ROBERT CROWTHER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.

MR. HERMIT CRAB. By MIMPSY RHYS. Introduced by MARY ELIZABETH BARNICLE. Illustrated by HELEN SEWELL. The same. $2.25.

THE YOUNG ARCHITECTS. By KATHARINE STANLEY-BROWN. Illustrated by RUDOLPH STANLEY-BROWN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $3.



Verses for Small Folk

CHIMNEY CORNER POEMS. Selected by VERIONICA S. HUTCHINSON. Drawings by LOIS LENSKI Milton, Balch. 1929. $2.50.

SINGING TIME. By SATIS N. COLEMAN and ALICE G. THORN. Illustrated by RUTH HAMBIDGE. New York: John Day. 1929. $2.50.

PUDDIN' AN' PIE. Written and illustrated by JIMMY CARTHWAITE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by JEAN WHEELER

"CHIMNEY CORNER POEMS" will be an attractive Christmas present with its effective paper cover in navy blue and red and white designed by Lois Lenski. The poems in the anthology are intelligently chosen for the youngest generation of readers. They are mostly old anonymous favorites and fresh modern poems. There's nothing stereotyped about Miss Hutchinson's choices. She does well. But we do not like Lois Lenski's illustrations inside the cover. The colored ones are watery and the space is cluttered with intricute details that are beyond a child's powers of concentration.

In illustrating "Singing Time" Ruth Hambidge shows a much better method of filling space, both from the child's and the artist's standpoint. She does it by the arrangement of masses, restrainedly and with a nice care for design. The result is that the pages of this song book for young children are charming with their gray, and tangerine (to match the cover) and biscuit tones. The authors of the book are active in music and kindergarten work in connection with the Lincoln and Horace Mann schools, and their rhymes show that they know how utterly simple and repetitive children of four or five like them. The piano accompaniments are sometimes just the melody played in soft unison by both hands and sometimes somewhat more intricate. I should think children learning to play would be kept happy just by looking at those pictures!

"Puddin' an' Pie" is by Jimmy Garthwaite who wrote "Bread an' Jam" last year. Often it seems as if the verses were more from the adult viewpoint than from the child's. But they are not oxnoxiously so. There's not much humor in it or charm, but it is a fairly successful volume. The illustrations are much more in key with the text here than they are in "Chimney Corner Poems" which includes some of the masterpieces of literature. One can forgive a banal drawing of a child more easily if it comes after a poem of Jimmy Garthwaite's than after one by Blake. But there are some drawings in "Puddin' an' Pie" too animated to be called banal.

SHORT POEMS FOR SHORT PEOPLE. By ALICIA ASPINWALL. Dutton. 1929.

Years ago, Mrs. Aspinwall wrote some delightful "Short Stories for Short People" that have been much enjoyed ever since. Now, for another generation of short people, the devoted Grandmother has written these short poems. Nor has she forgotten in the intervening years, what immediately concerns and interests the very short ones; she has produced a volume of little verses and jingles that will charm and amuse them.

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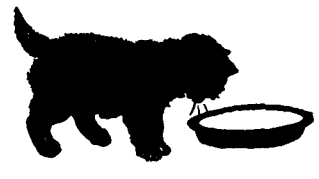

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Some Fact and Some Fiction

By T. Morris Longstreth

THE boy who wants to discover the world and all its works can find guides, handbooks, examples, incentives, in every book-list. Here are half a dozen roads to interest, and the first is sign-boarded by Harry Franck, one of the planet's indefatigable travellers. It leads into the real China, and not only to Shanghai and Canton but to the Great Wall, up the 11,000 foot stone stairway to Omeishan, among the bandits of Hunan, into the President's palace. The book[1] has several virtues: it is patently true, it reveals a land which in many ways seems queerer than Alice's, it shows the way to travel, and it is a help toward comprehension of probably the stupidest, but potentially the most powerful, people on the globe. It would be hard to exaggerate the value of this two-year fruit of Mr. Franck's sojourn in this land of transition.

The next book[2] takes us 1700 miles up the Amazon and Madeira rivers, in Brazil, to the railroad being built around some rapids. Mrs. Jekyll is the wife of a member of the engineering firm and writes from first-hand experience of the jungle. Snakes, storms, fever, and inimical Indians make this remote adventure even more difficult. Vividness marks the writing. Here is dangerous living indeed.

From the equator to the North Pole, next, with Bob Bartlett in command and an intimate friend of his, Mr. Fitzhugh Green, at the typewriter. In these pages[3] one learns the steps to mastery of the sea: grow up in the Newfoundland sealing fleet, take command of a schooner at seventeen, tramp the seven seas with cargoes as varied as in the Masefield poem, be cast on rockbound coasts, escape from shipwrecks twelve, take Peary to the Pole, *then* call yourself a mariner. Mr. Green, who has eluded ice-packs himself, builds up a skipper at once hardy and sensitive, humorous and stern, and certainly every inch a man. Nobody can lay down the book without wishing Captain Bartlett luck on the new voyages he is planning.

The next turn is with Roald Amundsen to the Poles by ice and over one by air in a volume[4] which is content not to flatter. This life impressively reveals the study and preparations which lie behind the labor of modern exploration. Mr. Patridge's picture of a genius's patience, and petulance, is engrossing. He has the advantage of a life-story which grew constantly more picturesque, through the misadventures of the Northwest Passage, the conquest of the South Pole, the flight in the *Norge*, to the dramatic decision to go to the rescue of the hero's bitterest enemy, Nobile.

Mr. Masters has tapped a less familiar topic, the salvage of treasure-ships from the bottom of the sea. $25,000,000 is lost each year on the coast of Britain alone. Calculations as to the wealth which has accumulated in the yellow sands since Cæsar lived are left to someone else. It is enough to lure men to superherculean efforts. For five years they tried to raise the *Laurentic* off Malin Head. Since 1799 spasmodic attempts to raise H. M. S. *Lutine* have gone on, in vain. Here is treasure-hunting beyond the imagination of novelists, and Mr. Masters's book[5] has actually instigated an amateur to start raising the $200,000,000 German fleet sunk at Scapa Flow. Boys are warned not to be carried off by these fascinating pages unless they have lots of pocket-money.

Mr. Reeves has been too eager to communicate the on-rush of progress in aviation to make literature, but his journalism[6] is absorbing. He takes us for a ride on the "Lindbergh Limited" across the continent. We follow the Lindbergh circle around Central America. We learn plane-building and air-mapping and how to select an airport. We find out how to get a job in a new profession. We hear that Harry Guggenheim will consider that he has failed if he cannot bring two hundred million dollars into aviation. If a book like this, if books like these, don't put the spark to the dynamite of ambition in a boy's make-up, something must be damp.

One advantage of the pressure on the juvenile field is the necessity to be various. Sincerity would have hunted for new themes anyway, but now the merely methodical have to hump themselves, forsake their beloved series, which now only scatteringly continue, and search for subjects wearing at least some aspect of novelty. For instance here are seven books, not very striking, most of them, but at least as different as the courses at a dinner. Of this meal the *pièce de résistance* is "The Second Mate of the Myradale,"[7] the story of a young officer who failed when raised too suddenly to the command of his vessel, and who retrieved himself when acute danger sheared life of its veil of safety. The first part of the tale breathes an atmosphere unusual in a juvenile. There is a fine leisure, a portentous thickening of clouds scarcely seen, which makes the rough crew most happily credible and the ensuing events real. One feels a genuine concern for Jim. Had the growth of dismay and suspicion been carried over into the chapters of climax Mr. Lesterman would have had a notable book of adventure. But plot begins to pull the strings and one realizes it is a story again. Boys, however, will not quibble over the details of excitement. Mr. Lesterman's prose is effective, and the feeling of the tale is, by a rare exception, enhanced through the imaginative excellence of Mr. Rowland Hilder's pen and ink drawings, twenty-nine in number.

Miss Price's "Luck of Glenlorn"[8] illustrates the range of contrast commented upon. Instead of the Pacific islands, we are in northern Scotland. The conflict lies, not between cannibals and a boy, but between a young American with a sense of humor and two clans of Scotsmen largely without. A feud is being carried on, chiefly to please Lady Macmoriar, whom age and loss of kin have rendered more than a little mad. The hero, divided between loyalty to the inherited nonsense and friendship to his foe, is in a trying position. From it, Miss Price extricates him with much tenderness and considerable skill. The use of plain American sanity as a measuring stick is very amusing. The book is such good reading that one loses sight of the substructure of local knowledge which has made it plausible.

Plausibility, which is mainly the offspring of patience and good sense, is lacking in "The Builder of the Dam."[9] Ricky contracts to build a dam for $5,000, the lowest adult contractor bidding $9,000. Most of the conceivable misfortunes ensue. But Ricky employs boy scouts. By doing "good turns" *en masse*, by detecting the villain before irretrievable damage is done, the job is concluded and Ricky finds a berth with the company that once disdained him. Once more loyalty and pluck and ambition and the other virtues are harnessed up for dray-horses to pull a book to market. And knowing all this, one desires to read to the end. That is Mr. Heyliger's strength. He concocts stories that charm and arrest in

[1] MARCO POLO, JUNIOR. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $2.

[2] TWO BOYS IN SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES. By Grace B. Jekyll. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $1.75.

[3] BOB BARTLETT, MASTER MARINER. By Fitzhugh Green. New York: Putnam Sons. 1929. $1.75.

[4] AMUNDSEN, THE SPLENDID NORSEMAN. By Bellamy Partridge. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $2.50.

[5] THE BOYS' BOOK OF SALVAGE. By David Master. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $2.

[6] LINDBERGH FLIES ON. By Earl Reeves. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1929. $2.

[7] THE SECOND MATE OF THE MYRADALE. By John Lesterman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $2.

[8] THE LUCK OF GLENLORN. By Edith Ballinger Price. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $1.75.

[9] THE BUILDER OF THE DAM. By William Heyliger. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $1.75.

(*Continued on next page*)

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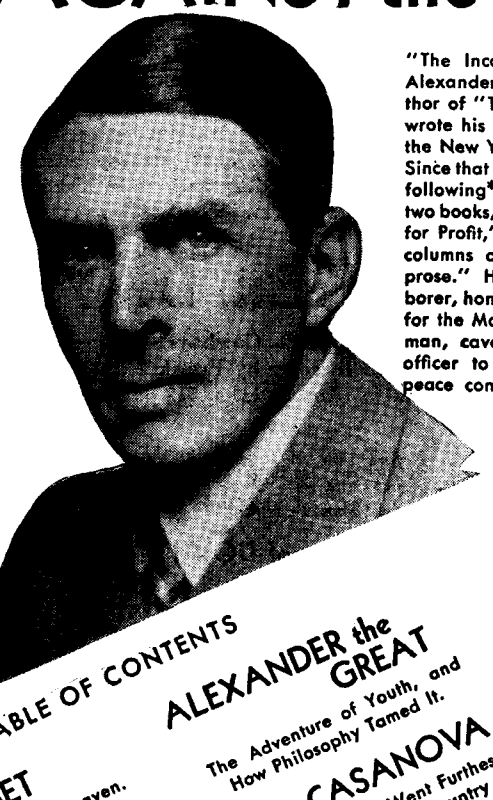

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* including Christopher Morley, Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, Frank Crowninshield, Herbert Bayard Swope, Walter Lippmann, Laurence Stallings, Deems Taylor.

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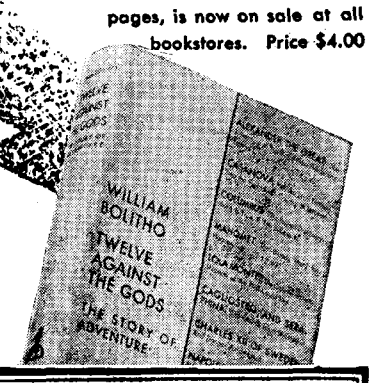

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Fact and Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

spite of their being concoctions. The more realistic "Macklin Brothers" of last year was a step in a finer direction. That way lies a more durable success for this author.

Those of us who have been lucky enough to live for a while in the Yukon regret the flow of bogus stories about that treasure land when so much that is genuinely thrilling lies to an author's hand. Service's flamboyant "Trail of '98," without a quiver of humor in its 300 pages, touched off the sort. The hero must land at Skagway (or Dyea), climb the White Pass (or Chilkoot), escape robbery (or murder), manage not to freeze (or drown), and finally locate the wondrous claim (there is no alternative here). Micky and Hank in "Klondike Pardners"[10] follow the same deep-trodden course. But there is a reason for Mr. Sabin's retreading the old trail. In "The American Trail Blazer Series" he is fictionizing history, and this veracious little book, by its restraint and humor, at once corrects its predecessors and eliminates any need for a successor. This shows what happened, and humor takes its rightful place amid the mud and the pathos. Young Mickleheimer is funny. To be sure, he is incredibly able in emergency, and he finds the exceptional gold, but he conveys the atmosphere that was as well as it can be conveyed in a book meant for boys.

Puget Sound lies on the way down from Dawson, and here is located the loggers' camp of "The Winning Hazard."[11] The plot might have come from a department store, but the smells and the sounds, the doings and the jargon of the lumberers are authentic. "Banjo and Pistols"[12] is even slighter in construction, and yet the lure of "Pap's land" which the two youthful heroes struggle to keep in the family takes hold of a reader even before he is aware. Here is the native charm of the Blue Ridge *in parvo*. It can be marked "genuine." The same adjective can hardly be applied to "The Boy Scouts Yearbook,"[13] which is a medley of cheap sheriffs, dime-novel cowboys, and the stock Indian. Some of the stories are undeniably racy. In Joseph Ames's "Mumps," Bronco Bill disguises himself and bets another cowman out of $200. William Hart contributes "Cowpunchers' Law," where a a sheriff and deputy connive at a murderer's escape. Appropriate as these tales would be to some of the pulpwoods, one wonders if they fit in with Scout standards. Of course, many are above reproach, as Constance Lindsay Skinner's Christmas tale of Fort William in the old Nor'wester days. Chief Standing Bear gives some timely directions about scouting for buffalo, and Dan Beard stands by to advise on Indian costuming. But the volume as a whole comes as a surprise to this reviewer, who supposed that the reading fed to the Scouts would be less raucous and rather finer.

LEGENDS OF THE SEVEN SEAS. Retold by MARGARET EVANS PRICE. Illustrations by the author. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929.

ITALIAN FAIRY TALES. By CAPUANA. Translated by DOROTHY EMMRICH. Illustrated by MARGARET FREEMAN. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 1929. $2.50.

In these tales of sea wonder and enchantments the author has drawn upon the legend and fairy-lore of many races, including the Japanese, in whose popular literature the sea plays so large a part. There are tales from Hawaii, from Ireland, China and Cornwall, of mermaids, sea monsters and enchanted fishes, and of the seal-people of Celtic folklore. The tales are well-chosen and effectively retold, though one feels that the author is carried away here and there by the poetic quality of her material. The decorations are pleasing and combine to make a very attractive gift-book.

Capuana's stories run to a different extreme. Here is neither poetry nor sentiment, but the old-fashioned harlequinade humor, cunning matched with cunning, life turned topsy-turvy, and the kind of quick, ruthless justice that is the backbone of folktale logic —the ball kept continually rolling. Such tales were designed for a hardy audience, one demanding a good story with plenty of familiar ingredients rearranged, but their humor is of the sort that will appeal to children of any race. Dorothy Emmrich has preserved the character of the narrative excellently in her translation.

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[10] KLONDIKE PARDNERS. By EDWIN L. SABIN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1929. $2.

[11] THE WINNING HAZARD. By ALLEN CAFFEE. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $1.75.

[12] BANJO AND PISTOLS. By ROSA AUBREY WOOD. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1929. $2.

[13] THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK. New York: D. Appleton Company. 1929. $2.50.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

THE MYSTERY AT STAR-C RANCH. By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE. Appleton. 1929. $1.75.

GLOOM CREEK. By MARY F. WICKHAM PORCHER. The same.

The current of books for girls (as well as boys) still sets strongly westward. The two books cited above are an index of the trend. Both stories, moreover, feature Wyoming, and both make further appeal to favor with the captions: "A Mystery Story for Girls."

In "The Mystery at Star-C Ranch" Miss Hawthorne's capable youngsters, Deedah and Wendy, their juvenile sister, Treachy, and their brothers, Zach and Enley, are discovered upon the Star-C ranch, operated, apparently, in the Cody country outside of the Yellowstone Park, by the St. Clair family with whom Deedah had become acquainted in England. The mystery hangs upon the efforts of an alleged timber-cutting company to run Mr. St. Clair off his property—the title to which was clouded by reason of lost naturalization papers. In thwarting the attacks all upon the ranch—particularly Treachy and Chin Fo, the Chinaman cook—take a hand. Between the episodes of persecution and reprisal there are the round-up, the saddle trip into the Park, and incidents of ranch and range life. Since the story deals with the new Wild West, the radio and airplane figure in the inevitable corraling (not without gunplay) of the gang of scoundrels. It is a story for boys, too. One thing more: "Pronto" is sterling, north and south; but is "Si habla Española, Señor?" really the Wyoming cow-country vernacular for that query?

"Gloom Creek" by Miss Porcher is a "mystery" story in that the interest of continuous narrative focuses upon the development of the mystery of characters, actions, and situations, until the unknown has been made known. For what would be action and adventure without an ending, and that ending, a something to be found out? The mystery element in this story is Gloom Creek, whose trail taxes the nerves and imagination of the two girls, Nancy and Cherique. They have to ride this trail in order to get their supplies brought by Overland airplane to the landing field fifteen miles from their dude-ranch quarters of Cloud Peak. These supplies are chiefly books and magazines with which to keep up their Book Corral circulating library for their guests and the ranchers and cowboys. Nancy's brother, Paul, and his chum, Arthur Gregory, and other friendly "hands" of the Bar B 2 outfit are here again, also. The story is told by Nancy; is most excellently told (thanks to the fine color sensitiveness of Miss Porcher). It lives and moves and is not without its thrills from rodeo, hold-up, visiting aviators, and a romantic crash. It is well suited to girls who have passed the juvenile 'teens.

BUMMER'S CIRCUS. By ROBERT STARKEY. Duffield. 1929. $2.

"Bummer's Circus" is a modest little book of a town where only dogs live. Bummer is an optimistic young pointer who conceives the idea of making his fortune by getting up a circus. He does it, but circumstances do not make it easy for him. It would be possible, no doubt to write an attractive little tale with this for a theme without knowing a great deal either about dogs or about circuses. But the reading of it would bring one no-where. Mr. Starkey, however, writes about very doggish dogs and a very doggish circus without concealing a human situation behind it. He knows very well what he is writing about, for he has traveled for years with a circus and Bummer has traveled with him, too. He is an expert acrobat and has succeeded so well in telling this story, that one hopes some day to hear more directly of his professional life of which this tale is but a doggy reflection.

MARCHING NOTES. By ERNEST LAPRADE. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $1.25.

Several years ago, Mr. Laprade, formerly a member of the New York Symphony Orchestra, wrote a book called "Alice in Orchestralia." In it he introduced children most delightfully into the mysteries of musical instruments and to their significance in the orchestral ensemble.

"Marching Notes" is an ingenious and vivid answer to Alice's question "How many notes make a piece?" She is forthwith transported to a far country where the notes come alive. To her astonishment, she finds that each has a place in a well-trained army and that the rules and regulations of that army are complicated and numerous. In expounding these rules Mr. Laprade contrives to be clear and entertaining at the same time. Alice is shown elaborate rhythmic drills. She learns the difference between major and minor modes, is taught to distinguish between different intervals, and to listen for cadences, phrases, periods, and parts. So that when a great general arrives to marshal the notes to the making of a piece, she is quite ready to attend intelligently.

The General in this case proves to be a young person not quite five by the name of Mozart, who, nevertheless composes a pretty little piece and plays it *à merveille* on the harpsichord. Alice with her new knowledge, discovers new joys in listening to music,—joys that one could wish for every child. "Marching Notes," however, is not a book for every child. It should be read either with guidance, or by a child with some musical knowledge and enthusiasm.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAY-HOUR BOOK—THIRD HOUR. Edited by STEVEN SOUTHWOLD. Longman's, Green. 1929. $2.

This is the first of the Children's Annuals to reach us this year, and a very high standard it sets. There are many of the same names in the list of contributors as last year—very good names, such as John Drinkwater, Walter de la Mare, Rose Fyleman, Eleanor Farjeon, and others, with a sprinkling of excellent stories by Steven Southwold himself and a few riddles and suggestions for parties. The selections seemed to us more varied than in the past to suit different ages and temperaments or moods, from real fact of history and nature to the most delicate fairy tale and humorous poem, with attractive illustrations to each.

We think that many provident mothers and aunts will be glad to tuck away this Third Hour volume on their gift shelves to be brought out some rainy day for a little convalescent, or for the more fortunate youngster with a long railroad journey ahead.

THE MAGIC MUSIC SHOP. By MARY GRAHAM BONNER. Macaulay. 1929. $2.50.

This is a fanciful tale of a little girl's entertainment with the musical instruments of a music shop. In the first chapter an attractive picture is given of an October day in a country town and the enthusiasm of a happy young girl starting off on a new year of music study with an understanding teacher. How many of us have felt the same thrill on a golden October day!

The little girl is mysteriously admitted into a shop full of delightful surprises. She meets the different musical instruments and learns from one of their number a bit of their family history. This part is rather ingeniously told and one wishes that the story might have progressed further in the same direction. The little bits of music history related by the bass viol are very interesting to the average intelligent child. Children like to be told the truth, and plain facts told in story form are always welcome. It is a pity that more is not told of the ancestry of these instruments, for instance, the origin of the violoncello and the real ancestor of the piano-forte, which is the dulcimer, and not the psaltry; the child of the psaltery is the harpsichord, and not the piano. More could have been told about the violin than the short reference made to it, and with all the wealth of material to draw from as well as the author's evident gift of writing for children it is to be regretted that the book is not of more intrinsic worth.

The story is accompanied by simple piano pieces, easy enough for children of the first and second year, and by amusing pictures which are sure to bring pleasure. The whimsical ending has no especial point and rather weakens the story. Altogether the book, though of no great value, will doubtless interest many a young music student who will find in its pages some interesting information and plenty of amusement.

PEEP IN THE WORLD. By FRANCIS ELIZABETH CRICHTON. Longmans, Green. 1929.

The German pine forests, especially *im Winter, wenn es schneit*, dwarfs, and castles, and country folk, can be called upon to give a powerful Santa Claus sensation. Although it isn't Christmas until the last chapter of this story about a little English girl visiting her German uncle, that full-faced, strong-armed, hugging atmosphere is the personality of the whole book.

This flavorsome mixture of scenery and feeling is well presented for a child about eight to eleven years old. The rest of the story, except for a few real ideas plaited into the whole, is very unimportant. Such a good little girl was Peep in the World!

The book is nicely printed and widely leaded, which increases its pleasantness even when its readers are quite able to read close print. It is illustrated, but the style of illustration is out of character with the warm-hearted atmosphere of the story. A little hunch-backed dwarf who can talk with animals should look much more human than graceful, and not at all like the kind of figure that might form a design for the latest style in silk bandannas.

UNDER THE ADMIRAL'S STARS. By WARREN HASTINGS MILLER. Appleton. 1929. $1.75.

The boys who read "Ensign Wally Radnor U. S. N." can now follow this keen, good-natured, unselfish gunnery shark aboard the U. S. S. *Montana* and experience something of the life on a dreadnought. Experience is the word, for Mr. Miller's terse and confident style drives the realism home. His conversation, with its slang and technicalities, sounds from the life. Indeed, one at first believes that Mr. Miller has been pleased to write a veracious as well as thrilling juvenile. He has taken pains with Wally and Stanguey and Oiseau and Pebs and the higher officers. It would be hard to contrive incidents more exciting than the crises of Dummy's whaleboat exploit, of Oiseau's sacrifice in the gun turret, of the tidal wave, of the target mystery; yet these incidents are doubtless the cullings from life's own log by Mr. Miller's skilful hand.

Only one thing is lacking to make this book literature, an inner veracity; but that is everything. The hero turns out to be omnipotent after all. He lectures the commander and corrects the captain with an aplomb and selfless unconcern which would be remarkable—if true. The Navy, one supposes, is not like that. Neither, one fears, are boys quite so invincible. And so all this observation, this invention, these pains, become not literature but a passing entertainment. As entertainment, however, the book is unimpeachable.

AMERICAN BOY SPORTS STORIES. Selected from *The American Boy*. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Bob Zuppke, the renowned coach, introduces this collection of fourteen stories written by eight men well skilled in the preparation of thrills for boys. Football, baseball, basketball, tennis, hockey, track, swimming, rowing, and dogs are drawn on and the result is as high-powered as a boys' storybook can be. Indeed most men will enjoy the volume. Men as well as boys will be held by Frederic Nelson Litten's "The Code of a Champion" which shows that the best blood does not carry grudges. They will laugh over the clever psychology in George F. Pierrot's "The Sheriton Paint-up," and one can imagine Ring Lardner cracking a smile over Rex Lee's "The Winning Pop." Franklin M. Reck has illuminated football from a new angle in "The Yale and Princeton Quarterbacks Talk it Over," a very interesting post-mortem of the 1926 game. To single out stories where all reach so high a level is hardly fair. Nearly every story contributes something towards the technical grasp of the sport treated, and every one has its special item of ingenuity; while as for excitement, one simply pushes the eye along to see how the well-known ending is to be brought about. An added excellence lies in the realization that the morals of sports are conveyed without the indecency of preaching.

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE. By MARIAN HURD MCNEELY. Longmans, Green. 1929. $2.

The four young Linvilles, Becky, Dick, Phil, and Joan, at the death of their beloved Uncle Jim, are faced with the prospect of fourteen months' homesteading in the Dakotas, in order to make the land staked out by him their own. He has left them detailed instructions, a makeshift house in which to live, and the bare necessities for keeping body and soul together, but to the four children the task seems insurmountable. Poverty, drouth, and freezing cold, a family of vindictive squatters who have made their home upon the Linville's land and threaten to contest their claim, do all they can to make their life on the prairie insupportable. But their pluck and perseverance win for them many warm friends and alternate success.

This simple and sincere story should have for young people the same sort of appeal as "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson." There is an undying fascination about making a home out of practically nothing but the raw materials at hand. The book has a winning spontaneity and straightforwardness, and the author succeeds in capturing effectively the feeling of the prairie. One marvels, at times, however, at the unfailing resourcefulness of sixteen-year-old Becky and wearies of the sometimes trite philosophy of Uncle Jim continually being quoted. But withal the story moves along and has in it more of reality than the general run of children's books. The illustrations are wood-cuts and, though not remarkable, seem to have caught the spirit of the story.

NURSERY RHYMES FROM BOHEMIA. By HANUS SEDLACEK. Translated by ROF. D. SZALATNAY. Verses by ANNA V. WINLOW. Illustrated by RUDOLF MATES. McBride.

Whatever one may think of the verses which accompany the illustrations in this volume, the book as a whole is charming. Its gay pictures in their lavish use of strong, clear colors, its amusing or charming portrayal of personalities old and young, its effective employment of white to set off the page, and its bright hued borders make it a lively and a lovely book. No youngster of nursery age could resist its good humor and its vividness.

THE GOLDEN BALL. By ALICE BROWN. Macmillan. 1929. $1.75.

YOUTH'S HIGHWAY. By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY. Holt. 1929. $2.

Good plays for children, played by children—how we do need them! And how few there are! Perhaps it was because the name of Alice Brown sent our hopes soaring too high that we were a bit disappointed in "The Golden Ball." It is, of course, delightfully written—a whiff of Barrie, a flavor of Maeterlinck, plus Miss Brown's own humor and sureness of touch in the home scenes that begin and end the play. But the producer who attempts it had better gird up his loins. It is a three-act play. The sets will test his ingenuity unless he has a well-equipped theatre; and the training of his dryads and angels and bright spirits will test his patience and enthusiasm, and theirs. The reviews have called the play "ingenious," and we are afraid that is just what it is. The main idea is a good one: a little boy, left alone with his baby sister on the eve of her christening, is troubled because the Wicked Fairy has not been placated by an invitation. Determined to set things right, he meets enough strange creatures to confuse anybody, but comes out of his adventures with credit, only a little dazed and very sleepy. This plan would have made a pretty one-act play, but the author's ingenuity has expanded it to three, which was, we think, a mistake.

Miss Mackay's volume, "Youth's Highway," will be a godsend to schools, churches, and settlement houses. She has given us five plays, of five old-English types: an interlude, a morality, a miracle play, a pageant, and a nativity play; all short, all adapted for use on a modest stage. The interlude dramatizes the moment when the boy Michaelangelo found the door of opportunity opened to him by Lorenzo the Magnificent. It is a charming little piece, with many chances for spirited acting and artistic stage setting and costuming. The morality is a dramatic adaptation of "Piers Plowman," showing Youth, beset by temptation and learning the difference between false friends and true ones. The miracle play, "A Calendar of Joyful Saints," is the sort of material Sunday schools are always looking for. It offers a series of short scenes, bound together into a rather impressive whole. The nativity play is good because of its simplicity and its employment of the well-known Christmas hymns. The "Pageant of Sunshine and Shadows" was written for use in the crusade against child labor, and has been played from coast to coast under the auspices of the National Child Labor Committee. The book has an appendix with helpful directions for putting on the plays.

LITTLE CHRISTMAS, OR HOW THE TOYS CAME. By J. GUTH. Macmillan. 1929. $2.

Christmas folk-tales have a special appeal. Their very anonymity binds them close to the universal experience of the great feast; and their simplicity takes a straight road to the heart of a child.

This lovely little book comes from Czechoslovakia and is profusely illustrated. We see Little Christmas growing up in the gay interior of his peasant hut. He wears a warm red coat with a big fur collar when he frolics in the snow. His friends are merry angels. They, too, wear furry coats which do not seem to inconvenience their wings at all. Together they devise a plan by which all the children in the town are made as happy as they should be on Christmas Eve. It will be nice to know of this slender volume during the coming holidays.

(*Continued on page* 430)

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Books for the Nursery

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

THE results of the application of modern discoveries in child psychology to the writing of children's books provide interesting material for reflection. It is strikingly evident that the improvement is confined almost entirely to the aspects of assembling and printing. Such matters as size and shape, colorful illustrations, and the print itself have received careful consideration and produced books immediately accessible and appealing to the child's mind. To the actual writing psychology has contributed nothing that Perrault himself did not know.

In books for very small children, the necessity for extreme simplicity often becomes an excuse for mediocrity. Such a book as the "Vain Pussy Cat"[1] is merely a dilute imitation of Æsop and La Fontaine with illustrations too poor to give it charm.

"Two Brothers and Their Animal Friends,"[2] pleasantly small in shape, has tried the trick of childish illustration with some success, but it is no better a story than the most unimaginative child himself could invent.

"Sonny Sayings,"[3] a compilation of Fanny Y. Cory's daily drawings in the newspapers of the *Public Ledger* syndicate, could hardly be more remote from real childhood. It may serve, in small doses, to amuse newspaper readers, but its place is not in the nursery.

"The Joyous Aztecs"[4] is again scarcely a child's book. The real originality and humor of these drawings, adapted from Aztec fragments and accompanied by absurd remarks in verse, can only be entirely appreciated by an older person. They will have little appeal for any child who shrinks from the grotesque.

"The Toys' Adventure at the Zoo,"[5] on the other hand, is a real child's book. Gay and colorful toy animals enliven its large print with their antics. While the story has not Milne's whimsicality, its presentation makes it more appealing to the very young reader and to those too young to read at all.

"Two Mice and a King,"[6] designed for small hands to hold, is similar in character to Beatrix Potter's beloved series, but lacks her lightness of touch.

Two books of poetry belong to the group for very young children. Germany contributes "Spin, Top, Spin,"[7] in which poor verse is enlivened by dainty water-color illustrations. "Elizabeth's Book of Verses,"[8] compiled chiefly from *Puck*, contains real verse with touches of charming whimsey and deserves better illustrations.

Turning to the books for slightly older children, there is, first, "Please Come to My Party."[9] Here are practical suggestions for at least a dozen children's parties which have the advantage of being possible of execution by the children themselves.

The remaining books belong to two favorite types—fairy tale and animal story. Among the fairy tales, "The Siamese Cat,"[10] though simple and exciting, uses the colorful and fantastic background of Siam too little to excuse either the mediocrity of the story or the use of common slang. Its illustration is confined to black and white.

"The Magic Switch"[11] draws closer to folklore, the authentic source of fairy tale. Czechoslovakia is its background, and the author has found an artist to translate its flavor into gay illustrations. Both story and pictures, however, remain weak imitation. This book and "The Siamese Cat" illustrate the perils of the wholesale fabrication of myth. Only a true artist can give vitality to mere fancy. Helen Simpson has been wiser in "Mumbudget."[12] She has built her stories around the figures of Irish folklore which have lived for centuries in the popular imagination. It is a charming book, full of Irish wit and the racial knack with children.

The two animal stories which close the group make one sigh for more writers content merely to convey facts. The familiar antics of a baby goat acquire a new interest in "Coco the Goat"[13] from their setting in far-off Spain. This quiet little story manages to give a good deal of local color, which head and tail pieces to each page as well as full-page color illustrations help to make more vivid.

"Karoo the Kangaroo"[14] follows the Kipling precedent. While much less ambitious than the "Jungle Book," it is perfect of its kind. Its utter simplicity carries conviction of greatness. "Karoo" ought to be a nursery word. Best of all, it is a complete whole. Kurt Wiese's own illustrations are no less beautiful than his text. Even to the jacket the book is a distinguished modern achievement.

[1] THE VAIN PUSSY CAT. By LOUIS MOE. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $1.
[2] TWO BROTHERS AND THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS. By LOIS LENSKI. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $1.50.
[3] SONNY SAYINGS. By FANNY Y. CORY. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.
[4] THE JOYOUS AZTECS. By J. G. FRANCIS. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $1.50.
[5] THE TOYS ADVENTURES AT THE ZOO. By GWEN WHITE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $1.75.
[6] TWO MICE AND A KING. By GRACE GILKISON. The same. $1.
[7] SPIN, TOP, SPIN. By ELSA EISGRUBER. The same. $3.
[8] ELIZABETH'S BOOK OF VERSES. By L. G. EADY. Illustrated by ETHEL EVERETT. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.
[9] PLEASE COME TO MY PARTY. By BERTHA M. HAMILTON. Illustrated by JESSIE A. MACDONALD. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $1.75.
[10] THE SIAMESE CAT. By ELIZABETH MORSE. Illustrated by RUTH SEYMOUR. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $1.75.
[11] THE MAGIC SWITCH. By FJERIL HESO. Illustrated by NEVA KANAKA BROWN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $2.
[12] MUMBUDGET. By HELEN SIMPSON. Illustrated by MOLLY MACARTHUR. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.
[13] COCO THE GOAT. By RHEA WELLS. The same.
[14] KAROO THE KANGAROO. By KURT WIESE. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

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Two Hemispheres

(*Continued from page 418*)

planation of the dangers of the expedition.

"Chico's Three Ring School"[5] really succeeds in giving facts, ideas, and a story without allowing them to be destructive the one of the other. It is a chronicle of a circus school and much can be learned from it about animals. The reality with which the circus life is described creates a charming story and at the same time sets up a train of suggestive ideas. Readers will recognize the likenesses and will understand the differences between themselves and circus children. It is a book in the realm of fact, but, by stimulating the imagination and understanding, it hovers about the shadow line that bounds the realm of fancy.

"I Want a Book"[6] is for little children to read themselves. The large print and the illustrations are in brown. It is not a beautiful book to look at, but some of its short sentence stories and verses (they are poor verses) suggest a charming variety of ideas—sad, happy, helpful, and sometimes even unexpected.

"The Fairy Caravan"[7] is the most completely fanciful of these three books. It is so much so that, though each separate part is charming, the whole is a bit of a jumble. But we use the word affectionately. We are taken into the animal world and hear their conversations with one another and their remarkable experiences recounted in musical, pictureful prose. There are a few colored illustrations and many dainty black and white sketches. The sketches are inexhaustibly delightful.

"Kit and Kat"[8] is an attractively made book, easy for children to read. Kit and Kat, the Dutch twins, are two vital little people. This story about them invites the imagination to share two other children's lives, not just because it tells what they did, but because it succeeds in making us feel what they experienced.

[5] CHICO'S THREE-RING SCHOOL. By STELLA BURKE MAY. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1929. $2.

[6] I WANT A BOOK. By BERNICE PITTALA. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

[7] THE FAIRY CARAVAN. By BEATRIX POTTER. Philadelphia: David McKay Company. 1929.

[8] KIT AND KAT. By LUCY FITCH PERKINS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. $1.75.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 428*)

THE FUN-CRAFT BOOK. By R. T. DIXON and M. HARTWELL. Rand-McNally. 1929. $1.

CARD CASTLES. By PETER ADAMS. Brentanos. 1929. $2.

Both these books seems to be aimed at the interests of children somewhere between eight and twelve years of age. They are alike, moreover, in proposing to meet the recognized joy of children in handling materials constructively, by offering specific directions and patterns to follow.

In the case of "The Fun-Craft Book," this seems more or less justified by the fact that it is frankly concerned with the industrial arts—weaving, stenciling, bookbinding, the making of decorated papers, and many kinds of fascinating adornments for festive occasions. Such processes lend themselves naturally to definite recipes and techniques, though one hopes, that children may be stimulated to accept the author's invitations to create original designs instead of using the patterns provided.

But the case is different with the second book. "Card Castles" aims at something more exciting than the arts and crafts type of activity. It is a real play experience with simple raw materials that the author has in mind; an experience for older children comparable with the absorbing interest of play with blocks for younger ones. But what have directions and models to do with such an experience? The author himself has found a truly creative outlet for his own joy in the classic tales of history, through the ingenious construction of walled cities with "cardboard that comes from the laundry in your father's shirts." His imagination goes on to people his fortresses with their former inhabitants and to re-enact in play, the stories that made them famous. But for the child who copies the particular models proposed, what is left of the whole experience beyond a certain pleasure in the technique of construction? The only way in which he could use this book to real advantage, we should think, would be to seize upon its suggestions of the possibilities in the simple materials used, perhaps even to adopt some of the proposed technique, and then to go blithely ahead, disregarding all models, to work out for himself the scenes and stories in which his own imagination is soaked.

SALLY GABBLE AND THE FAIRIES. By MIRIAM CLARK POTTER. Macmillan. 1929. $1.

THE TIGER'S MISTAKE. By WALTER SKEAT. The same.

The Little Library has established such a standard of excellence that it is only necessary to announce the appearance of two more of these attractive volumes, to insure their immediate popularity.

The first one of these is the most delicate and charming fairy tale imaginable. Sally Gabble is an old woman who lives in a little house near the edge of the forest. Her tiny garden is full of flowers and vegetables which she tends with the greatest love and care. Her life is a happy one, but she has one trouble. The mischievous elves and pixies from the wood play all kinds of tricks on her. They prick her tomatoes, pull her carrots, substitute her potatoes for the ripe fruit on the apple tree, and heaven knows what other naughty things. So Sally determines to get even by catching one of them. She sets a trap with all kinds of dainties, and to her consternation, she actually succeeds. The story goes on to tell how she falls in love with the lovely creature that she has trapped and how she, at last, reconciles the whole troop of bright magical, wild things to her keeping her fairy forever.

"The Tiger's Mistake" is a collection of folk tales which the author transcribed as he heard them told around the camp-fire in the Malay Jungle. One finds the inevitable triumph of wits over brute force that has always, in the telling it, given primitive man a sense of power. The dainty mouse-deer, weakest of creatures, is the hero and he brings many a ticklish situation to a triumphant close by his cunning.

THE SHEPHERD OF JERUSALEM. MORRIS H. TURK. Minton, Balch. 1929. $1.

The story of one of the shepherds who saw the angels and followed the star. A slender tale of what might have happened on that momentous night two thousand years ago. An attractive binding and colorful jacket make it a Christmas gift book which many will welcome.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE ALPS. IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS. By JOHANNA SPIRI. Crowell. 1929. $1.50 each.

These two books should be a welcome addition to the library of any child. Good short stories are popular with boys and girls and not always to be had of the calibre of Johanna Spyri's tales. The background of these tales is the poor little mountain village where the margin between enough to eat and starvation is narrow. In such a simple economic structure, the children have a real part. Even the work of a boy or girl counts, and each one must do his share. Their plenty would seem to the average American child as extreme poverty. But Johanna Spyri, in these modest tales, shows us how charming and fruitful life can be under these circumstances,—an excellent lesson for many surfeited young Americans.

The translator is rather bound by the German constructions of the original, and the result is too often confused and muddy.

SOAP BUBBLE. By ELLEN BEERS MCGOWAN. Macmillan. 1929. 80 cents.

Judging by its attractive cover, and many delightful illustrations, this ought to be a light, fantastic book. Instead, we find much useful information along the lines of household science, scattered through stupid conversational padding. The preface says, "The method of presentation in this book is merely suggestive." This, perhaps, is by way of excuse, as scientific information for twelve year olds must lose its value when presented in a style which might possibly intrigue a seven year old.

While in the hands of a skilful teacher some of this material might be used in a general science course, it could not be recommended as a useful school text.

CHRIST LEGENDS. By SELMA LAGERLOF. Translated from the Swedish by VELMA EVANSTON HOWARD. Illustrated by VERA CLERE. Holt. 1929. $1.75.

A new and very attractive edition of this charming collection of legends told by an author who knows how to weave the appropriate spell for stories of this kind, with illustrations that fit admirably to the mystical world.

(*Continued on next page*)

Today's Uncle Remus is an Aunt

AUNT BETSEY, who fills in THE TREE NAMED JOHN of John B. Sale, the place that the grizzled old darky of Joel Chandler Harris occupies in the Uncle Remus stories: who planted the name tree for John before he was born, who taught him his manners, told him stories, cared for him, nursed him in illness, and gave him both the superstitions and the deep, instinctive wisdom of her kind. She is the heart and soul of this new book of stories of a childhood on a Mississippi plantation, a childhood made poignantly real and often absurdly comic by the close connection of whites and blacks. John had to spit on his bait to catch a fish, swallow a blownup fish bladder to learn how to swim, bite off a butterfly's head to get a new suit of clothes, eat the brains of his first bird to become a mighty hunter. John heard some animal fables, too, Uncle Alford's tales about Brer Mole, who swapped his eyes for Brer Frog's Tail, about Elephants and why they are "skeered of mices," about the falling out of Brer Cricket and Brer Flea, and about a new and delicious Brer Rabbit.

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SUNBONNET BABIES' A-B-C BOOK. By EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER. Illustrated by BERTHA CORBETT MELCHER. Rand McNally. 1929.

This modern Poembook, as the author calls it, dedicated "to all little people who cannot tell how to spell their own names, but want to learn," is likely to triumph over the mediocrity of its jingles by reason of its winsome pictures and the appeal of its subject matters for small folk. Miss Grover has chosen those favorite objects, animals, and pastimes which by very reason of their usualness hold the attraction of the familiar for the child, has started her verses on them off with a bold initial, and had them illustrated with drawings in color that are at once simple and effective. Woven into the pictures, as well as leading off the jingles, are the letters of the alphabet.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEF PARK. By RACHEL FIELD. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. 75 cents.

The arrival of one of Miss Field's books is always welcome. Within a small compass, they have quite a character of their own, reminding one of that succession of charming little volumes by Kate Greenaway whose appearance so delighted another generation.

This story is about the tiny breathing space in a crowded city so much enjoyed and so passionately defended by the troup of little children who make it the center of their lives. There is found the merry-go-round with that so popular horse Christopher Columbus Lindbergh; there are the Pretzel Woman and "Pop" with his balloons; and, finally, there is the colored boy hitching post, cheerful survivor of the 'eighties. Would the children let so much color and romance fall tamely into the hands of the builders? No indeed! The story tells us what happened to prevent it.

UP ANCHOR. By D. HAROLD HICKEY. Abingdon. 1929. $1.50.

Here is a true log of a young man's dangerous drifting about the oceans, and not the least strange thing about it is the fact that Mr. Hickey, who ran off to sea for his health, actually came back with it after that experience. For he was "on the beach" in every kind of depressing sailors' boarding-house. He was shipwrecked off Maine because "vomans make trouble." He lived on tea and dog-biscuit during the four months' voyage of a "hunger ship" around Good Hope. He "swagged it" in the Australian bush and was stranded in Iquique, and flung into jail by a lazy consul in Denmark; and none of these items appear in the health advisements of Battle Creek.

The book is tantalizingly brief, a mere peep show at places and individuals. Mr. Hickey's portrait of "Sails" whose vocabulary was modeled on Gibbon is a sample of what this author could do with more space and an adult audience if he wanted to. As it is, boys with a salt-water thirst will find "Up Anchor" more worth while than most sea-going fiction.

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK. John Martin's Big Book House & Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.50.

This is Number 13 of a series which stretches across the country of childhood in the happiest possible way. The compilation of whimsy and adventure, sprigs of biography and bulbs of history, songs and tricks, myth and nature, is advertised as being for the ages three to eleven. But even the middle-aged, baby-hating bachelor who is drafted to amuse his nieces will find his interest engaged. He may even be heard quoting the verses, as of the amiable cow who was incensed at the price of milk. But the book is not merely funny. Caedmon and Montezuma and Zaccheus are sown like seeds into the infant imagination. The Yellow Emperor and Amphitrite join hands for educational purposes. If there is a lack it is in a scarcity of beauty, the drawings being largely cheerful grotesques, but we say this only that the many happy people who made the book won't think it perfect and end the series abruptly.

A BUSY DAY. By BEATRICE and SYLVIA TOBIAS. Dutton. 1929. $2.

Here is a gay little book for a very small child who is not old enough to be exacting as to verse and is young enough to be entertained by a pictured account of the day of a youngster no older than herself. The jingles that accompany the illustrations are of the simplest and crudest, but the pictures in color have both charm and liveliness. They show a pretty fancy, and are at once amusing and alluring in their depiction of the everyday incidents in the lives of small boys and girls.

QUEENIE. By HELEN FULLER ORTON. Illustrated by MAURICE DAY. Stokes. 1929. $1.25.

A cow pasture is not normally regarded by unobservant grownups as the arena of striking and dramatic events, nor in their eyes are cows suited to the role of heroines of adventure. Children, however, have a different point of view. To them the personality of animals is second in interest and importance only to that of family and friends. Mrs. Orton has the child's point of view, and the story of Queenie the supercow, will interest little children who enjoy being read to or who are beginning to read to themselves. It is a pleasant, simple tale, and will bring to urban children some glimpse of the charm of life on a farm.

DERRY'S PARTNER. By HUBERT EVANS. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.

Last year Derry, an Airedale of the British Columbian frontier, got a red ribbon in the All-Literature dog show because of his several outstanding points in dog letters. He is now joined by Mac, a cross breed of Newfoundland and husky, who hunts through these vividly written pages unearthing adventure as he goes. He saves his master from Grizzly Creek. He frustrates a claim-jumper. He helps to convict a thief by witnessing to his voice over the telephone. He yields to the voices of the wilds and then finds himself overpowered by his master's affection. The story is thickly veined with first-hand observation of dog psychology and the rich bush life of the great Pacific province rises pungently and truly from these pages.

It is a loss, then, to have a book so full of sympathetic interpretation of dogs and nature fail in impressiveness as a whole due to its piecemeal character and to the author's willingness to let the climaxes fall where they will. He inserts a dog-talkie. The life-history of a bass intrudes. The bear chapter should have come earlier. Mr. Evans has the gifts to furnish forth a memorable dog story if, some day, he will only bother to construct one.

MARIONETTES. By EDITH F. ACKLEY. Stokes. 1929. $2.50.

This book can best be reviewed by reprinting the following letter from a fifteen-year-old girl to whom it was sent for the practical reviewing of actual use.

"While having much trouble over some puppets we were making ourselves, a group of us were sent the book of 'Marionettes,' by Edith Ackley. This book solved very clearly all our problems of construction and manipulation, and with its help we were able to give a successful show. We were also fired with a wish to make more marionettes and to give more entertainments in just the fascinating way that Mrs. Ackley describes."

OURSELVES AND OUR CITY. By FRANCES CARPENTER. American Book Co.

To read this book is to have our civic pride quickened and a new interest awakened in our community and its manner of functioning. Even those of us who live in cities will find we are being informed of things we see daily but have never investigated, and the small-town and country child will be thrilled and amazed by the story of the various city departments created for the welfare of the citizen.

The information is not statistical, but is presented in an entertaining manner and should enlarge the child's horizon and stimulate his sense of responsibility. An excellent and valuable book to add to the school's reading list for children from seven to twelve.

PINOCCHIO FOR THE STAGE IN FOUR SHORT PLAYS. Dramatized and illustrated by REMO BUFANO. Knopf. 1929. $2.

Remo Bufano has very successfully compressed and arranged the nimble episodes of "Pinocchio" into four plays suitable either for marionettes or for children to act themselves. The book is eminently practical in its stage-directions and suggestions for costuming, and the illustrations, while primarily fanciful, indicate what may be done in the way of stage-settings. In fact, the virtues of this adaptation are clearly those of the manual, rather than the literary work; but it may be said fairly enough that except for occasional unnecessary lapses into modern vulgarisms, the old favorite has lost little of its charm in its new guise.

MISS MUFFET'S CHRISTMAS PARTY. By *Samuel McChord Brothers*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

CLIPPER SHIPS. By *Peter Adams*. Dutton. $1.25.

GOOD FAIRY TALES. Irish Ones. By *Jo McMahon*. Dutton. $2.

A BUCCANEER'S LOG. By *C. M. Bennett*. Dutton. $2.

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Brilliant writing shining upon wisdom in a semi-fictional autobiography of the most urgent years of Ford's life, especially during the War. $2.50

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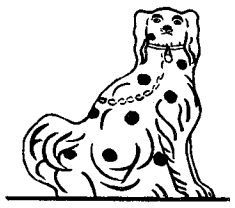

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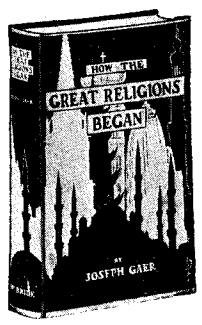

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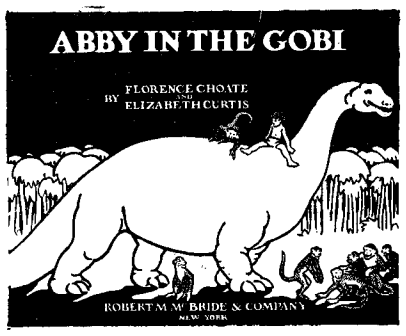

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The Editors of the *Saturday Review* have been informed that certain of their readers who are desirous of entering the contest for the best essay embodying the attitude of the younger generation toward the literary and critical thought of the day, are prevented from so doing because the shortness of the time allowed for the contest is an insuperable obstacle to those at a distance. The closing date for the submission of manuscripts has therefore been extended from noon on November 15, 1929, to noon on Saturday, December 14, 1929.

The Compleat Collector.

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THE most important sale of the autumn was undoubtedly that of the John Camp Williams library, held in five sessions from the sixth to the eighth of November, at the American Art-Anderson Galleries. The catalogue, introduced by an appreciation of Mr. Williams and his books by Miss Bartlett —in itself a mark of particular distinction— lists 1228 items, incunabula, illustrated English books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and English literature of the same period. Whether because of Miss Bartlett's restraint, or because of the influence of the American Art Association, the descriptions throughout the catalogue emphasize the bibliographical rather than the sentimental aspects of the books, with the result that the whole forms a valuable addition to those auction lists of former collections which are still in constant use as works of reference. It may be regretted that collations are not more frequent, and that combinations of condensed paragraphs from the "Dictionary of National Biography" with elaborate details of binding abound, but it cannot be helped—the work, on the whole, seems to have been done with an unusual degree of intelligence.

As Miss Bartlett explains in her introduction, Mr. Williams's chief interest lay in "the illustration of English books from the first examples in the middle of the sixteenth century up to the end of the seventeenth, with a special predilection for copperplates." "Since the death of Beverly Chew, the acknowledged authority in the country on the engraved portraits and title-pages of the sixteenth and seventeenth century English books," she continues, "there has been no one here who knew as much about them as Mr. Williams, or had brought together such a magnificent series of examples. It is a great regret to all interested in this fascinating subject that Mr. Williams could never be persuaded to write about it." In his collection are the earliest known English books illustrated with copperplates, such as Hugh Broughton's "A Concent of Scripture," [London, 1590], with five engraved plates by W. Rogers, the earliest English copper engraver; the same author's "Textes of Scripture," London, 1591, and "An Epistle to the Learned Nobilitie of England," Middleburgh, 1597; Eucharius Roesslin's "The byrth of Mankynde, newly translated out of Laten," London, 1540, the first English book to be illustrated with copperplate engravings; the Hoe copy of Christopher Saxton's Maps of England and Wales [London, 1574-79], the original edition of the first English atlas; the Andreas Vesalius —Thomas Cominus "Compendiosa totius Anatomie delineatio," London, 1545; Antonia Bettini's "Monte sancto di Dio," Florence: Nicolaus Laurentius, 1477, the earliest attempt at book illustration by means of copper-plates; the Sir Thomas Brooke copy of Henry Holland's "Baziliologia: a Booke of Kings. Being the true and liuely effigies of all our English Kings," 1618, one of ten known copies, with 261 additional portraits; a remarkably fine collection of English books illustrated by the celebrated engravers of the seventeenth century, Hollar, Marshall, Elstrack, Cecill, and Faithorne; Sir Francis Bacon's "Instauratio magna," London, 1620, the second issue of the first edition; Henry Billingsley's "The Elements of Geometrie of the most auncient Philosopher Euclide," London, 1570; Richard Brathwaite's "Barnabees Journall," London, 1638; the first and second surreptitious editions of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" [London], 1642; George Buchanan's "Ane detectioun of the duinges of Marie Quene of Scottes" [London, John Day, 1571]; Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," London, 1621; Thomas Cartwright's "Confutation of the Rhemists Translation, Glosses, and Annotations on the New Testament" [Leyden], William Brewster, 1618; several volumes by John Donne; Joseph Hall's "Characters of Vertues and Vices," London, 1608; Henry VIII's "A Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian man, set furthe by the kynges maiestie of Englande," London, 1543; Holinshed's "Chronicles of England, Scotlande, and Irelande," London, 1577; Nathaniel Hookes's "Amanda, a Sacrifice to an Unknown Goddesse," London, 1653; Milton's "Poems, Both English and Latin," London, 1645; the Locker-Hagen copy of Quarles's "Emblemes," London, 1635, with the author's autograph on the contemporary fly-leaf bound at the front of the volume; Spenser's "Complaints. Containing sundrie small Poemes," London, 1591; Philip Stubbes's "The Anatomie of Abuses," London, 1585; Edmund Tilney's "Briefe and pleasant discourse of duties in Marriage," London, 1577, one of two known copies; Richard Watts's "The Younge Mans Looking-Class," London, 1641; Henry Willobie's "Willobie his Auisa. Or the true Picture of a modest Maid," London, 1594, one of five known copies; and a large collection of books by George Wither.

"As a whole," Miss Bartlett concludes, "the library is one of the most important which has been dispersed for years, and shows the advantage of collecting with a single purpose in view, and a real appreciation of books and prints from the standpoint of the student. It will be a long time before the rising generation has another chance to reap the fruits of such experience and knowledge in this line, and to acquire such valuable English illustrated books of the Elizabethan and Jacobean reigns."

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Sotheby and Company, London. November 11-14 inclusive: Literary and medieval manuscripts; autograph letters; first editions. The manuscripts include Sections 18, 19, and 59 of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and two poems, "The Coach of Death," and "Mad Tom"; a long series of letters from G. B. Shaw to J. E. Vedrenne who, in partnership with H. Granville-Barker, produced several of Shaw's plays; Dickens's "The Schoolboy's Story," ten pages; fifty-two pages of Washington Irving's "History of Columbus"; Books 4 to 22 of Grabbe's "Tales of the Hall"; Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Painter's Journal through Flanders . . . June 24th 1781"; Goldsmith's "The Haunch of Venison," 4½ pages folio, 124 lines. The books and autograph letters include a collection of early novels by H. G. Wells, several presentation Lewis Carrolls, Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," 1807; Keats's "Endymion," 1818; Trollope's "Dr. Thorne," 1858; Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," 1847; and Edgar Allan Poe's "English Notes," by Quarles Quickens, Boston, 1842.

G. M. T.

JANE AUSTEN: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. By GEOFFREY KEYNES. London: Nonesuch Press. 1929.

IT is one of the difficulties of English literature to be obliged to believe that, chronologically at least, Jane Austen belongs to the early nineteenth century. Entirely without interest in the problems of elaborate plot construction, entirely preoccupied with her passion for character-drawing, she manages to go beyond the limitations of any one period, and, by means of the perfection of her art, to achieve a detachment from "dating" processes that places her always among the few great novelists. Except for the external conditions of their lives and conversations, her country families could exist in conservative atmospheres as perfectly now as they could in 1816—her heroines are far more attractive than contemporary young ladies, and possess much better minds, in spite of their deplorable lack of college training, and her fussy middle-aged men and women remain superb examples of satire in its highest form. It is true that she could not write love scenes, that she rather avoided the actual transcription of any kind of indelicate emotion, and yet her readers have never had reason to suppose that a marriage sanctioned by her approbation ended ultimately in the divorce courts, or in the misery of personal frustration. She wrote from her own knowledge and observation, delightfully unaware of astrology, psychoanalysis, the right to be happy, and the freedom of the individual; it is perhaps all the more as-

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tonishing that she should so serenely have escaped the fate of being regarded as a museum piece, wholly admirable but much safer behind the shelter of a nice glass case.

Dr. Keynes's bibliography of Miss Austen is exactly what a book of the kind ought to be—careful, well-arranged, detailed to an unusual extent, it represents a work of affection done in the most perfect manner, a genuine tribute to the genius of its subject. The original editions of the novels are placed first; then, in regular order, the first American editions; French translations (there were eleven between 1815 and 1899); Collected Editions; Separate Reprints; Letters; Miscellaneous Writings (dialogues arranged from the novels, "Love and Freindship," and the incomplete fragments published within the last few years); Biography and Criticism (books and periodicals); and, finally, a list of the five books known to have come from Miss Austen's library. It is characteristic of Dr. Keynes's thoroughness as a bibliographer that he should have chosen to make his work as inclusive as possible—he has given, for example, all the editions of the novels from 1811 to 1818, and added invaluable notes on the circumstances of their publication—instead of confining himself entirely to first appearances. As a result, his book has, in the phrase he uses of Mr. R. W. Chapman's recent editing of the text of Miss Austen, "a distressing air of finality"; it is, because of his perfect accuracy, his scholarship, and his distinction as a bibliographer, one of the small number of definitive bibliographies of any author that exist. Even though Miss Austen herself might not have possessed "the bibliographical sense," as he remarks in his introduction, she could not have failed to recognize the value and the perfection of Dr. Keynes's work.

G. M. T.

Juvenile Reading

(*Continued from page 399*)

literary absorption and abstructions, and is it of less value because it is not the true story of a great American? The elements of character are here; the hero is over big, as a child would believe him; and there is a beauty which it takes some power of the imagination to reconceive. Moreover, the language has beauty, if it is from these true versions I have mentioned.

To "enter the life of realism" is not at odds with entering the worlds of the ancients. Children are sensibly realistic. They transfer the battle of the plains of Troy to their own backyards; they see Patroklos with the face of their Uncle Ben. They will find the world to-day full of heroes, tricksters, saints, villains, dreamlike beauty, hellish pain. It is no hindrance for them to meet and grasp other worlds firmly as they feel their way along in 1929. If the versions in which they first read old stories, mythical or historical, are over romanticized or over sentimental, then they are not true to the great literature from which they are taken.

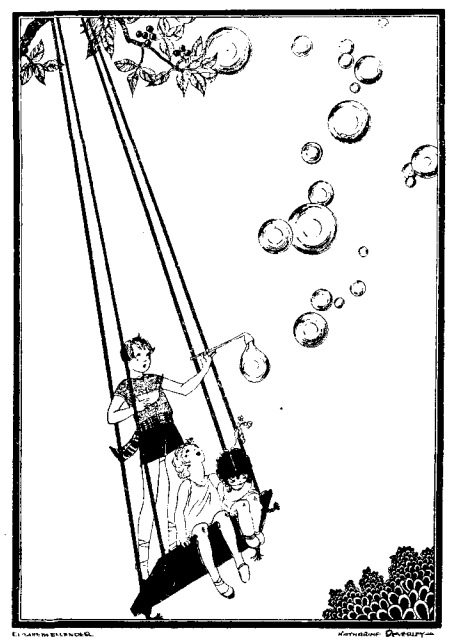

Illustration from "The Snow Queen," by Hans Christian Andersen

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 73. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best sonnet called "Vanity Fair." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of December 2.)

By a regrettable oversight the notice of "The Officina Bodoni" which appeared in our issue of November 2 failed to state that the publishers of the book are the Pegasus Press, Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. The price of the volume is $10.

Round about Parnassus

(*Continued from page 408*)

Recommended:

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY'S POEMS. Selected for Young People. With many drawings by J. PAGET-FREDERICKS. Harper.

THE SUN'S DIARY. By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH. A Book of Days for Any Year. Decorated by FRANK MCINTOSH. Macmillan.

THE BALLAD OF TANGLE STREET. By PEGGY BACON. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan.

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WILLIAM BOLITHO, *author of* TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS
To-Day Is The Day!

If ever a book sprang from the page opposite of the *New York World*, it is *Twelve Against the Gods—The Story of Adventure* by WILLIAM BOLITHO, which is published this morning.

The story behind the book is itself a story of adventure.

Six years of planning and dreaming are back of Twelve Against the Gods—or, at the rate of two gods a year, a high degree of celestial sanction.

Back in 1923, when *The Inner Sanctum* was still in the blue-print stage, when LAURENCE STALLINGS, DEEMS TAYLOR, F.P.A. and HEYWOOD BROUN were the four horsemen of the most civilized newspaper page in the country, two incurable romantics who were projecting a publishing enterprise noted, like many other readers, a strange and breathlessly audacious cadence in the Monday column on HEYWOOD BROUN's day off. It was signed by WILLIAM BOLITHO, and it was written, in the words of WALTER LIPPMANN, by "a man from Mars." A new talent had definitely arrived to survey and assess the operations of Western civilization—"the incomparable Bolitho," to use the phrase of Alexander Woollcott.

Although the new publishing house was not yet in existence, your correspondents were bold enough to send their first roving scout to Europe to seek out this man BOLITHO—the first author sought by *The Inner Sanctum*.

Believe it or not, it took five years to track down this recluse and wanderer, and the search ended in a big white house in Avignon, in the south of France, where WILLIAM BOLITHO raises white turkeys and peacocks and "with senses magnificently alert," contemplates that endless procession of all the blessed and the damned who ever gazed from peaks on Darien.

Now WILLIAM BOLITHO is visiting America, and, if *The Inner Sanctum* has its way, all America will be visiting the book stores to see his new book *Twelve Against the Gods*, in which he charts as only a BOLITHO could chart it, the meteoric technique of adventure.

The characters of *Twelve Against the Gods* are:

ALEXANDER THE GREAT The Adventure of Youth and How Philosophy Tamed It.
CASANOVA He Who went Furthest Into the Forbidden Country of Women.
COLUMBUS Who Proved That Everything Is True, If You Believe It.
MAHOMET The Bloody Hunt for Heaven.
LOLA MONTEZ The Only Adventure Women of the Past Could Live.
CAGLIOSTRO (AND SERAPHINA) The Search for a Phantom.
CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN And Danger As an Ideal.
NAPOLEON I The Only Reason for Waterloo.
CATILINE The Rich Young Racketeer of Rome.
NAPOLEON III The Living Serial-Consequences of the Situation.
ISADORA DUNCAN The Dance of Life on a Tightrope Strung Over Europe.
WOODROW WILSON Single Combat.

Tomorrow your correspondents will devote even more space to the inside story of the book and the man behind it.

Save this clipping until November 7, 1939, and if first editions of *Twelve Against the Gods* are not collectors' items, heaven help the collectors.

ESSANDESS.

THE PHOENIX NEST

THE editors of "The American Caravan" now announce, as they announce yearly, that they will be pleased to receive manuscripts for the new (the fourth) volume of their annual to be published in the early Fall of 1930. They wish fresh and experimental work in the form of short novels, plays, short stories, and groups of stories, poems, and groups of poems, essays, and dialogues. No contribution should be over 40,000 words in length. Manuscripts should be sent to The American Caravan in care of The Macaulay Company, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City, between December 1, 1929 and February 1, 1930. Final choice will be made by March 15, 1930. . . .

Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Inc. announce with pleasure the election of *Miss Louise Bonino* as Secretary of the Corporation. . . .

The Midland, a Magazine of the Middle West, founded in 1915 and published at Iowa City, Iowa, its editors being *John T. Frederick* and *Frank Luther Mott*, completes with its current issue fifteen years of its literary pioneering. In 1930 the magazine will be enlarged materially. It will continue as a liberal magazine, without being faddish. We have always regarded *The Midland* as an excellent periodical, a periodical of discovery. It has brought out much genuine talent and sponsored some superlative work. We wish we had more magazines as successfully dedicated as this in different parts of the country. Mr. Frederick, as an editor, has always exercised unusual discrimination and imagination in his selection of contributions. *The Midland* deserves to be better known. It is now firmly established as an authoritative spokesman for literature in its own section of the country. . . .

The season of 1929-30 is the fourth year of lecturing in America for *Edward Davison*, the English poet and critic who conducts *The Wits Weekly* in another part of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. He has now spoken for clubs, colleges, societies, and universities from Texas to Maine. He recently fulfilled more than twenty repeat engagements alone. He has great range and variety. He was born in Scotland in 1898 and spent his childhood on the English North Sea Coast. He is a scholar and an M.A. of Cambridge University, joined the British Naval Forces as an ordinary seaman during the World War, though but sixteen, and at the time of the Armistice was an officer in the Naval Intelligence Service. His first volume of verse was published in London in 1920. During his years in London after the war he came to know most of the outstanding men and women who are making the new literature of England. He came to New York in 1925, married an American girl, and spent a year as an English Professor at Vassar College. His books published in this country are a collected volume of verse, "Harvest of Youth," and a volume of critical essays, "Some Modern Poets." We have heard Davison read poetry in public, which he does remarkably well. He also talks extremely well, and is now to give a series of four lecture-discussions at Columbia University in The Institute of Arts and Sciences. These, with readings, will be given January 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th, 1930, on Wednesday mornings at 10:30. . . .

Myriam Sieve writes us concerning the Tower Magazines, Incorporated, with offices in the Woolworth Building. These are four new monthly magazines which will go on sale for ten cents each exclusively in the stores of the F. W. Woolworth Company. The four magazines are: *The Home Magazine, The New Movie Magazine, The Illustrated Love Magazine*, and *The Illustrated Detective Magazine*. Among contributors to the first issues will be *Fannie Hurst, Will Rogers, Inez Haynes Irwin, Will Irwin, Faith Baldwin, Homer Croy, Arthur B. Reeve, Walter Winchell*, the *Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Neysa McMein*, and *Judge Jean Norris*. . . .

The sixth book selected by the Poetry Clan of Chicago for distribution to its members is "Dark Summer" by *Louise Bogan*, published by Scribner. . . .

We saw the first performance in America of *Sean O'Casey's* "The Silver Tassie" down at the Greenwich Village Theatre, and thought it in spots quite remarkable. It was uneven, but we understand that a good many of the weak spots have been strengthened by now. The Irish Company that put it on is worthy anyone's support, and we hope more people will go to see the play at this time as it has some great moments. . . .

The O. Henry Memorial Award Committee has been giving prizes to several people we like very much in its eleventh annual award for the best short stories by American writers published in American magazines during the year. *Dorothy Parker* got the first prize of five hundred dollars in gold, *Sidney Howard* the second of two hundred and fifty dollars, and *Katharine Brush* the third of one hundred. The judges were *Blanche Colton Williams*, chairman, *John Angus Burrell, Sylvia Chatfield Bates*, and *Frances Gilchrist Wood*. . . .

Stanley Vestal, whose Western stuff, both prose and poetry, we like so much, has done a new novel for Houghton Mifflin entitled "'Dobe Walls." The Sun Dance therein, he says, is "sketched from personal recollections, scalp and all. I have repeatedly witnessed such ceremonies. It is too bad that these dances are not better known as nothing in Arizona or New Mexico can be more spectacular. But the Indian agents keep them dark." . . . .

Will Cuppy, author of "How to Be a Hermit," one of the most amusing books of the Fall, will talk at the Barbizon, Lexington Avenue and 63rd Street, at 8:30 on Thursday evening, November 21st, under the auspices of the Doubleday, Doran Bookshops. Go and hear him, if you wish to enjoy an evening. . . .

John N. Greely, a Major on the General Staff of the United States Army in Washington, has recently published through Hale, Cushman and Flint of Boston a first novel entitled, "War Breaks Down Doors." He is the son of *General Adolphus W. Greely*, the famous Arctic explorer. After leaving Yale, the younger Greely reverted to the Army and has been a soldier rather than an author for twenty odd years. Last year he began to write short stories, some of which appeared in *McClure's Magazine*. His novel really covers Army life in Washington and only touches the late War incidentally. . . .

Putnam's have just published the new *Emil Ludwig* book, "July '14." They brought it out on Armistice Day. Sixteen countries are publishing it simultaneously this autumn. The English edition has just come out. . . .

The Argus Books, coming from 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, are exotic in kind. This month they are bringing out an edition of *Norman Douglas's* "South Wind," illustrated by *John Austen* and selling for twenty dollars in royal octavo, and "The Collected Tales of *Pierre Louys*," also illustrated by *John Austen*, for twelve and a half. . . .

The most complete Conrad collection in existence is owned by an American, as the recent publication of a catalogue, called "A Conrad Memorial Library, the Collection of *George T. Keating*," has revealed. This book includes quite new prefaces to the major novels by *H. M. Tomlinson, Sir Hugh Clifford, Christopher Morley, Edward Garnett, Ford Madox Ford*, and many others. This catalogue also contains forty-seven line cuts from MSS and inscribed pages, thirteen half-tones from unusual photographs and a frontispiece in color, from a portrait by *Walter Tittle*. The book is published by the Department of Limited Editions of Doubleday, Doran, in an edition of 501 copies of which 425 are for sale at twenty-five dollars. . . .

Next week the *Saturday Review* will publish a portion of the "Testament of Beauty," by Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate of England. This poem has not as yet been published in America. Its appearance has provoked widespread interest in England. . . .

Well, we already have ten dollars on Yale for the Yale-Harvard game. We look to *Albie Booth* to pull us through. We also intend to journey to New Haven today and see him in action against the Nassau Tiger. This is the time of year when we hear so much football talk that we are finally pried away from our dumb driven desk and persuaded to the chilly Bowl.

THE PHOENICIAN.

Lippincott Juveniles

Sergeant Giggles
By George Mitchell

He's a fat, merry soldier who helps the jungle animals with good advice and jolly words. He lives in a tree with his friends Lassitude, the jackass, and Gratitude, the dog, and his doings are a delight.
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"The Prince of Vagabonds," whose adult books of travel have been best-sellers ever since the famous *Vagabond Journey Around the World*, here writes his first book expressly for younger people. This is the story of an American boy's travels through China. Grown-ups who remember Harry A. Franck's other books on China know what a wealth of picturesque detail he can give about the life and people of that amazing country. *Illustrated.* $2.00

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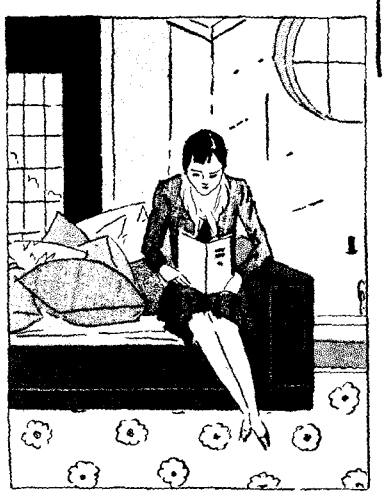

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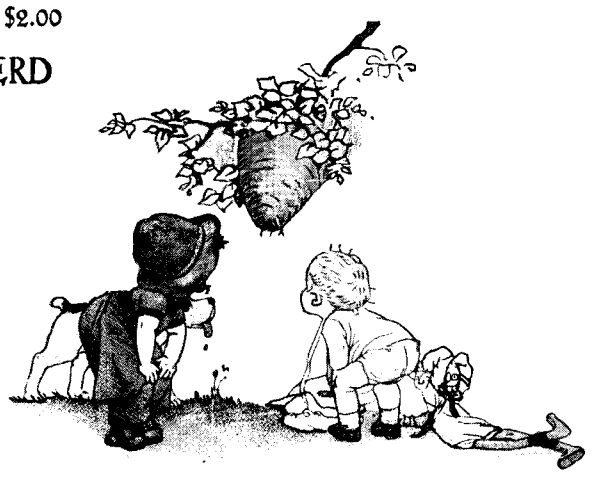

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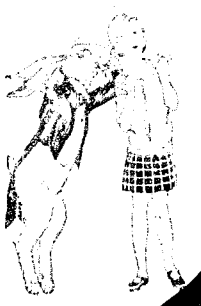

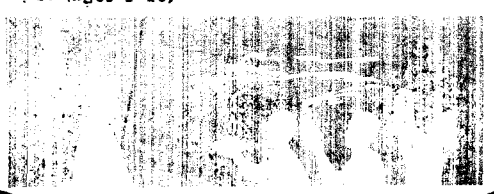

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(Older boys and girls) $2.00

The Animals' Trip To The Sea
Clifton Bingham, illus. by G. H. Thompson
(Very young children) $2.00

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